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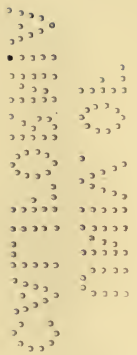

IRONWOOD TREES IN KAPIOLAWI PARK HONOLULU

A TRAVELER'S MAIL BAG

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC AND CALIFORNIA

LETTERS FROM MRS. JOHN E. BAIRD, Sarah Elizabeth [illegible]
FEBRUARY TO AUGUST, 1914

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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THROUGH THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

A FEW FIRST IMPRESSIONS

EARLY in the morning we were on deck for our first sight of the Islands. We were impressed with the "barren" and "unpopulated" appearance of them, until, after several hours, we sighted Honolulu in the distance. The city proper lies along the shore, with only scattered buildings on the mountain side, so that the perspective does not remind us of the Mediterranean ports,—except the boys swimming and diving for coins!—and when we learn that the ship will *dock*, it not only delights us, but quite convinces us that no comparison is to be made between this and the ports so much better known to tourists, for of all those we have previously visited, Colon and Constantinople are the only ones that have docked our ship.

The color of the sea is the first thing we notice, for though not so blue as that around the Bahamas, it is a beautiful, clear, *vivid* blue.

Our ship, the "Matsonia," being the handsomest Matson S. S. Co. boat ever having entered this port, and not only being on her maiden trip, but also having on board her owner, Captain Matson, there were thousands at the wharf to meet her. All whistles in town shrilled their greeting, and all the boats in the harbor gave salutes of welcome, so that for two hours there was much excitement.

We were met by Bishop Restarick and received a very cordial welcome. There were with him three native girls

from the school who had made for us wreaths of colored paper and "maile," a native vine. We each received one from each girl and felt very much "decorated" by the time we reached the automobile the Bishop had provided for us. They all, and we, quickly jumped in and escaped from the crowd, making our way along the boulevard through part of the beautiful city down to Moana Hotel at Waikiki Beach. This short ride was quite enough to satisfy us that we had come to the right spot to find real beauty of tropical growth and also a charming climate.

We were given a lovely suite in the Moana Cottage, first floor, facing the sea. Our sitting room is a veranda, inclosed with wire netting only. There we have a desk, couch, table, Morris chair, rocker, and desk chair, with room for others. On one side of this porch-room is a lovely stream of water that falls from the mountain and runs into the sea. The front faces the boulevard, and beyond that the sea. On the other side is the porch entrance to the cottage. We sleep with the door that leads to it from the bedroom wide open, and four windows also open, thus managing to sleep out-of-doors with all house comforts.

The little stream beside the cottage of which I spoke, bordered as it is by palms and a variety of plants with effective foliage, offers a scene of beauty to which we turn again and again, never tiring of it.

We are so glad to be away from the hotel, thus insuring greater quiet, while at the same time it is very near us,—just across the street,—and is a very fine hotel. We take all meals there and are free to spend all the time there we wish, enjoying all its privileges, but we much prefer the quiet and atmosphere of homelikeness which the life at the cottage makes possible, so spend most of our time

right here—and if we are not *rested* when we leave here, then it is not "rest" we need, but a cure for indolence!

The hotel and all its cottages are full, and I can't help feeling sorry for all the people who, in consequence, have to stay in the city proper and miss all the charm of this "suburban" life—though we are only twenty-five minutes from town by trolley, and much less by auto.

Sea bathing here is excellent. As this is only our second day, we haven't tried it yet, but we surely will enjoy it on our return from Hilo, where we go tomorrow (Thursday), returning Monday morning.

There are mountains everywhere in sight, and "Diamond Head" is very near.

Yesterday we called at the Bishop's home—while his wife was out here calling on us! He (the Bishop) showed us part of the house, the Cathedral, and the Girls' School. They have a beautiful plant and are doing a wonderful work. Of twelve Protestant churches on the Islands we have six, and of six in the city, we have three. In each of the three, services are held in several languages each Sunday. When trying to secure funds for a new church for the Chinese recently a woman who earns two dollars a week pledged and paid thirty dollars; a man who sells peanuts for a living pledged and paid fifty dollars; as all did proportionately well, they got their church!—this only to show how eager these foreign peoples are for our beautiful service, and how they appreciate and respond to efforts to secure it for them. They are very attentive to church services and active in the work. The intelligent faces of the girls in the school, and their loving admiration of the Bishop and what he has been instrumental in doing for them, interested us greatly. One girl, eight years of age, half Irish, half Chinese, was brought here by the Bishop when he returned from the

convention last fall. The Ladies' Aid Society of a church in Chestnut Hill persuaded him to take her, they paying all expenses. When he asked her yesterday if she would like to have us take her back to Philadelphia with us she cuddled against his arm and said: "No, *please*, Bishop." She is loved by all who know her. The girls in this school make everything they wear, do all the housework, play outdoors an hour and a half daily, and do the studying required to complete a full high school course. Their training fits them to become fine teachers, business women, or wives. A druggist told us yesterday he could never find more efficient stenographers than the two he now has from this school.

We are interested to see many of the same plants and trees here as those we have seen in the West Indies and the South; also rice, the cultivation of which is a Chinese industry here.

The scenic effects are strikingly beautiful, and are so numerous that I am already at a loss to choose among them for my camera. If I took all I see that I should like to preserve I should break the bank buying and printing films!

We feel now that there isn't a place in the world where we would rather stay, and we wish all our loved family and friends could share with us this wonderful beauty and this wonderful climate. We are very glad to have been able to make arrangements to remain here until March 11th; the time will be all too short—but a happy thought is that we leave here only to go back to more real beauty in our own California.

A VISIT TO HILO ON ISLAND HAWAII

We had a fine trip over on the Matsonia, and there, as here, she was received with all the honors the town could

bestow. Captain Matson is well known on these islands, and all appreciate the fact that his fine boats have done much toward promoting their progress.

The boat did not dock at Hilo, but there is a very fine breakwater being made now, and when that is finished, Hilo will become, it is prophesied, second in importance to none of the cities of the Pacific Islands.

We were taken ashore in launches over a smooth sea. We were reminded of Jaffa when we saw the rocks in the water, but these are not so large and they do not affect the landing.

As has usually been our good fortune, we had fine weather for our entire trip (our stay there lasting from Friday morning at eight to Sunday afternoon at five), and that was particularly fortunate, because over there they have many rains—in fact, many rainy days, a peculiarity that makes it much less desirable than Honolulu.

At a quarter of nine we were off in a small Ford car (concerning which let me say in passing to those that have, or contemplate having, one, that they are certainly a joy for endurance; and comfortable, too, if only they would not insist upon riding through the air instead of staying on the road!). We seriously objected to taking so small a car for the trip, but preferred being alone, and the large cars were all in demand because of the unusual crowd, there being two ships in at one time.

Upon being assured, however, that the car was "a dandy!" we started off, with a chauffeur that "knew everything about an auto"—but little about plants, roads, or even English, though, even without having read "Pollyanna," he had the "smile that won't come off," and acknowledged his ignorance rather than "bluff" us. He proved to be a real expert at the wheel, and such riding

over ditches, through fields, and along a stretch of so-called road that was nearly as crude and rocky as the road from Jericho to Jerusalem! It made us later appreciate the really fine road to the crater.

We went first to Rainbow Falls to see the rainbow on the water; then out to an old cave which we understood was to be another Falls (but our English did not agree!). After riding over that awful stretch of rocks for miles, when we finally got there we said, "no going into the cave for us!" It is interesting to study the lava formation that produced these caves, but the descent into them is down a miserable ladder into utter darkness, and once down, the walking is very slippery, and unless one tied a rope at the entrance to pull his way back he might be lost forever.

The ride out to the Volcano Hotel at Kilauea is over a thirty-one mile stretch of good road, through sugar-cane plantations, woods, and plantation camps. These "camps" are groups of cheap-looking but good frame houses or bungalows, tenanted mostly by Japanese, for the plantation labor is largely Japanese.

The natural growth of woods is very attractive and really wonderful, considering the rocky or lava formation of the ground, with so little "soil"—in high winds large trees are easily blown over, root and all. The bread-fruit trees, the mango, banana, algeroba, and koa are beautiful, and the abundance of tree ferns and ground vines taken altogether certainly make a picture to be long remembered.

We really suffered disappointment at finding that the Kilauea crater is not active. Nothing to be seen but smoke, and the awful hole, six hundred feet below the great lava plain around it, and from which its walls drop in sheer precipices. The circumference of the crater is nearly eight miles, and it incloses an area of 2650 acres. Near the center of this great pit is a smaller one, 1000

feet in diameter. This crater can be approached within a few rods by riding over a splendid road (seven miles in length) from the Volcano Hotel.

We did not waste time trying to find scorched post-card pictures of the crater, and think that those who did succeed in finding them must have had a good match-box somewhere, for we failed to see any sign of fire and feel sure the smoke was not hot enough to be luminous!

Lunch at the Volcano Hotel was only fair. Most of the tourists stay up there over night, but we preferred coming back to Hilo, and arrived at the Hilo Hotel at seven o'clock, so burned that we were very far from comfortable!—but that is a small consideration compared with the pleasure we had. We must get black sooner or later, so this was as good a time as any.

In the evening Rev. Fenton-Smith called. He had had a letter from Bishop Restarick asking him to "show us around." He made our entire visit there very enjoyable, giving up a much-desired fishing party to spend Saturday with us, showing us the wondrous beauties along the new Hilo railroad, the thirty miles of which cost four millions of dollars to construct. It is built on, over, and through the mountains on the coast, and passes through scenery nearly equal in beauty to that of the Amalfi Drive in Italy. Sublime gorges, rustic scenes, mountain torrents foaming over fringed cliffs, pass in picturesque succession, arousing our enthusiastic admiration.

The number and the length of flumes carrying stripped cane from fields to mill was an interesting sight. This excellent method of transportation could not be used except for the unusually large rainfall there, but it is a great time and money saver. The cane is carried miles without any labor except to place it in the flume at the

starting-point, and to guide it where there is much of a bend in the flume. The force of the water and the speed with which it carries the cane are quite remarkable.

At the terminus of our trip on this railroad we were met by Rev. Mr. Cullen, who took us in his automobile to his home for lunch, a courtesy which we very greatly enjoyed. We are glad to write that we saw peach blossoms in February! Judging from the press weather reports, the folks at home would be glad to say the same thing—if they will come to this haven of all that is desirable in scenic beauty and in climate they can.

It is interesting, and we think pitiable, to see the results of the sugar monopolies on Island Hawaii. They have left no ground available even for vegetable gardens. The hope of the people is that since the tariff has been taken off of sugar Cuba will do more of the business and these islands less, and perhaps these baneful monopolies will not always exist.

We were glad to have the opportunity of going to Paloa to see a large mill where flooring, window-sashes, crates, picture-frames, railroad-ties, etc., are made from the beautiful koa wood, which is so hard. When polished, it looks the equal in beauty and value of mahogany. Among the 200 employees here, there are represented 14 different nations, and under Colonel Samuel Johnson all are so loyal, as well as efficient, that at the time of the great fire, when all of the mill was burned to the ground, the men came and volunteered to clear the site of débris and prepare it for the new buildings while the owners and superintendent were away raising capital to rebuild—for there was no insurance. They offered to do this for mere "grub money," and that was only eight dollars a month!—this merely to show that within this people that we are so apt to look down upon are large, noble hearts,

and surely the more I see of the Chinese and Japanese who are here, the more I truly admire them and their fine traits of character. They are so cleanly, so ambitious, so anxious for learning! they all educate their children, and many men and women themselves attend night school. Though the average family has only from six to ten children, there are some I know of that have seventeen; and some up to twenty-three, and yet they are all properly cared for. I have yet to see on one of them a ragged or soiled garment or an untidy head. They seem far superior in this respect to our own poorer classes. I think there is very little charity work called for among them—they usually manage to supply their own needs.

Holy Apostles Church at Hilo was practically built by Mr. George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, for when he was appealed to for help, and the situation with its great need was made plain to him, he secured enough money to build the church and it was called after his own parish. The interior of the church is very attractive. Its rector did all the wood carving, and the wood is polished koa, which makes it so very clean and cool looking. They have a fine rectory and a parish house. The rector, Mr. Fenton-Smith, besides his wood carving, does very nice oil painting, plays a violin, and sings quite well; isn't that a combination for a clergyman? I had much fun with him about his being single—he says he is coming to Philadelphia to look for a wife, *so* readers, beware!

The Island of Hawaii is twice the size of all the rest of the islands combined, having an area of 4015 square miles; the population is about 60,000. English is understood and spoken by all young people and by most of the older ones. Hilo population is about 7500, located on the eastern side of the Island. Like all the other islands of this group, it is of volcanic origin, and is the youngest;

it is also the only one of the group in which the volcanic forces that made them are not yet become extinct. The Island rises from the sea in three peaks; maximum elevation is 13,825—Mauna Kea, which is the highest peak in the Pacific Ocean, average ascent per mile would be a little more than 400 feet. We saw snow on mountain summits, while the average temperature at the sea-coast is 70° to 80°.

There are not many full-blood Hawaiians and very few native grass huts. Japanese make up half of the population.

As this is to go with the steamer tomorrow, I will leave you at Honolulu, we having made the return trip very comfortably in twelve hours from Hilo. We feel that even though the volcano is not active, it paid to take the Hilo trip.

We are so well and enjoy this climate and country so much that we have decided to remain here until the spring.

FURTHER GREETINGS FROM HONOLULU

As I have been writing for two hours getting ready to mail papers, programs, letters, photographs, and so on, until I now have 28 pieces ready for the next mail, I cannot truthfully say that I am inspired to write manuscript, but I will, nevertheless, for a little while, attempt to give an idea of some things I have seen here during the "Mid-Pacific Carnival" week. I must first say that all of the program for one week was carried through by us on schedule time, and that means much when it implies sitting for long periods of time at a stretch on *boards* without a rest for the back! We had season tickets which gave us seats next to the Governor's section, and that meant having the sun on our backs instead of shining in

our faces; being in front of the open-air stages, rather than to the side, or in back of them; and less crowding—as well as the chance to see that the Governor and the old Hawaiian Queen behaved themselves as should such dignitaries! By the way, I am promised an opportunity to meet the Queen and see her home. I can't help but wonder if she knows where dear old Philly is on the map, and whether she will make some silly speech, such as did one dear man here the other day. We were being shown through his beautiful home, and I remarked (as his friend asked me to do after hearing me say so) that he bore a striking resemblance to my father. He at once said, "That must have been a long time ago!" Now what did he mean? And what did a gentleman mean yesterday when, as we were talking with him, he said I looked so happy; of course I replied, "I am happy every minute"; then he said: "It must agree with you here, and you look young too," and then went on to say that, apart from all the other benefits received here, the return of youth was noticeable? It had been illustrated by old race horses brought here lame and useless that, with care and time, went back on the track and gained honors. Now tell me, please, *were* we so decrepit looking? or was he merely admiring our "youthful" skin, unspoiled with powder or paste, and not yet so black as native skins? He was a Boston man, though he has been here most of his life: well, he is very nice to talk with, so I have forgiven him!

The bands have worked day and night and have done well (one is playing now on the beach within my hearing while I write, so should I put a few bars of music down, please don't wonder, for I nearly have a case of "band-music-on-the-brain"!), but nevertheless here's hoping that after tomorrow's parade and ball I don't hear a band for a long time, for that isn't my kind of music.

On Punch-bowl crater (extinct) there was a pyrotechnic display representing an active volcano. It was so real as nearly to make observers shudder, and while all remarked the beauty of the display, some exclaimed that if it were half so real as it looked, all would be running (I wonder where?) instead of sitting quietly enjoying the scene. It was even so realistically arranged that the lava could be seen flowing down the side of the mountain, but we, being recipients of special tickets, instead of running, sat comfortably on the roof-garden of Young's hotel to see this terror-suggesting spectacle.

Next evening we went to Moihili Park to witness another pyrotechnic display, and it proved a wonder, indeed, to all who saw it. Mr. John H. Wilson, of Los Angeles, was entirely responsible for this exhibit. A trapeze performer, a fiery automaton with red shoes, gave a very realistic horizontal bar exhibition of the muscle grind, back swing, and giant swing, until, through excess zeal, he shook himself to pieces.

The bengolio, or balloon, was also perfect: after rising several hundred feet it emitted samples of all colors of the rainbow, shooting stars, gold dust, silver, small change, etc. After ascending what seemed a mile or more over our heads it turned in an instant as though it had caught up a wireless message to return home, and went off to sea toward China, where it was made.

The pigeon house was another marvel. After seeing the house in all its beauty there darted from it two pigeons (fire, of course), one from either side. Each went about 50 yards, and after staying there quite a little while, deliberately made a straight flight back to the house, both reaching it at the same time. Nor was this enough; they again came out, made the same flight to and fro, and then the house disappeared.

A Sioux Indian chief in full war regalia, with bow and arrow, took long aim at a snow owl (fire) sitting on a stump a hundred yards away; he drew his bow, let fly his arrow, and killed the owl first shot. It could not have been a nicer feat of archery had they been alive.

The rockets were wonderful,—quite beyond description. A silver cascade with molten star dust falling over a cliff into the sea, accompanied by the sound of the wild roar of the breakers, was gorgeous—it reminded us of Niagara.

The bombardment and capture of Adrianople, a spectacular picture of war with some very realistic features, was wonderfully clever. The city, with its towers and minarets, was outlined against the background, and guns played hot and fast from two directions. Their heavy detonations could be heard for miles and shook all the grounds where we were. The word "Aloha" (which means many things here, according as it is used, as: greetings, welcome, I love you, good-by, and others) stood out prominently, and finally burst into silver, gold, and crimson.

This magnificent exhibition lasted an hour or more, and was exceedingly entertaining. It was so real that when I was telling some one the next day of the pigeon house and spoke of the flight of the pigeons, she gasped and exclaimed, "Poor dear little animals!"—then it was time for all to have a good laugh!

For the benefit of any who may not think of this as a real city, let me say that on this night of fireworks we saw 1000 automobiles—for we had first to find our own, and then sit in line to wait our turn to get out of line on to the road. It made us think that when we see the cars waiting outside the Academy at home, we will remember how few are there in comparison and wait patiently, for we had to

wait here the better part of an hour. I know that before I came here I had no idea of the size of this city, the progressive spirit, wealth, and number of its citizens, so I note these little things in passing in case any of my readers may feel as I had felt concerning Honolulu.

We were favored that night, as for every part of the program, with perfect weather. Though it is usually fine weather here, we are liable, in the midst of a fine day, to have a heavy shower—it doesn't last long at any time, and proves only a blessing by settling the dust, refreshing vegetation, etc.; but for the entire week of the Carnival the showers were at night, when we were—as all should be—in bed.

NEXT DAY—MOVING DAY

I wrote yesterday until I was threatened with writer's cramp, and now, after having packed this morning and having had the excitement of getting into our own home, I cannot say that I feel like writing, but I do feel like telling you all of this darling home. Are you interested in the "help" question? I will first introduce that part of the household to you. The cook is a man who at one time worked in Bishop Restarick's home, so he comes highly recommended, and, judging by our first meal,—lunch,—he is very efficient. The maid (both are Japanese) is nearly pretty, is sixteen, though we all agree she looks quite over twenty; she is dainty and very clean and fresh looking, and after the way she helped me pack and served lunch I am quite happy in the feeling that again we are very fortunate in so soon having obtained help that seems so unusually satisfactory. They were secured for us by our good friends, whose beautiful home we have, Mr. and Mrs. McGrew,—she is the Bishop's daughter. They have done everything for our comfort

in leaving us this home, taking with them, when they went, simply their clothing, leaving us all silver, linens, and everything to make a "home" complete, even to a canary bird and chickens and 32 beautiful ferns—and here's hoping that I won't forget my new job of watering them and caring for the canary!

I suppose you are wishing to know about the home, so I will attempt to tell you: The furniture is mostly mahogany indoors, while the porches are furnished in wicker. As we enter there is first a porch inclosed in vines and growing plants; on it are a chair-swing, chairs, and table. From the porch we pass into the parlor, or living room, which contains a piano, desk, lovely chairs of all shapes, a music cabinet, center table, and a couch which is really a davenport. From one side of this room we walk out on to the "lanai," which is a living room inclosed in wire screen and with sliding windows. It is really a continuation of the front porch, but is furnished with rug, tables, ferns, tea service, rockers, and a couch which is really as wide as a bed in case one wishes to sleep outdoors.

By-the-way, I didn't tell you the names I must pronounce daily now—the man is "Watanobe," the maid is "Kuma." Now to return to the plan of the house: Leading from another side of the parlor is the dining room, prettily furnished with all possible things that a bride is likely to receive (for this couple were only married in October)—sets of silver, silver dishes, vases, etc., cut glass in abundance, chafing dish, electric toasters, silver tea service, and lovely china. From another side of the living room we enter one of the bed-rooms; it is furnished in oak with double bed, bureau, dressing table, and chairs. From this room we go into the front bed-room, furnished in mahogany, with the same pieces as the other plus a chiffonier. This room has a door onto the porch, and win-

dows form the whole front and side. Now do you wonder I hate to stay in stuffy cities? Also the house stands on a hill, so we can see Diamond Head Mountain toward the sea; the sea too is in sight, though quite far away; from the back of the house mountains can be seen all around.

There is a nice pantry; the kitchen has a *beauty* gas-range and all conveniences. An outside porch is back of the kitchen, and there is a separate house in the yard for the maid, containing her room and the laundry. There is a garage where we will store trunks, for we do not keep our car and man, but rent them by a monthly agreement which gives us exclusive use. The man is white, good-looking and clean, and careful. In the large yard around the house we have trees and plants and a hibiscus hedge. A gardener will come regularly to attend to all of that, and the cook will care for the chickens. Now if there is aught else you would like to know just ask me! We feel quite bride and groom like, and never were so happy in our lives: but here's hoping the ideal home conditions will last, for the Japanese people are very touchy and liable to leave in a minute without notice, though there are always plenty more! The maid will, I believe, be a jewel. She has unpacked my trunk and fixed my room very neatly, and has laid out my clothes to wear to the military ball tonight. She will keep all gloves and shoes cleaned, do all mending, in fact, wait on us generally—and won't dear Lover be glad not to hook up dresses for a while! We have *lovely* closet room and a large bath-room. We couldn't be more cozy or comfortable.

Well, I think I started out to tell you of the Carnival. I did not suppose I should get off onto the Baird house-keeping carnival, but believing that these details would interest, I have stopped to give them, and will now proceed with the other or real Carnival.

Another very interesting feature was a fern and hibiscus show. There were hundreds of varieties of the latter, and they are surely beautiful. I could not attempt descriptions except to say that they are of all colors, and that the double ones are equal in attractiveness to a full-blown American Beauty rose—if red, there are double ones in other colors—and some single ones are so lily-like as to be a great surprise when one comes upon them; in none of them, however, is there much fragrance.

The Oriental play, "The Mayor of Tokio," in a flowery open-air theater in Oahu College grounds, was so fine that it is to be repeated later in the opera house. The lighting device was charming in effect: electric bulbs in Japanese lanterns—thousands of them. The music was exceptionally well rendered, not only by the orchestra, but by soloists and chorus as well. The costumes were all Japanese, except for such characters as represented people from the States, and the color schemes were very artistic. This spectacular performance had thousands of witnesses.

Such a wonderful climate will have me developing climat-itis of the brain!—not too hot nor too cold to sit outdoors for hours at night, and glorious stars showering their beauty down upon us and the scenes before us, and while we have had many showers at night and between times to lay the dust and cool the atmosphere, there was not one shower while a carnival performance was going on. I defy any one to live here a week, or *less*, and not wish to stay forever!

We witnessed another particularly interesting performance, again in the open, only this one was in the sunshine: "The Wooing of Umi and Piikea," a native Hawaiian story of the fifteenth century. As the plot of the story was laid on both the Island of Maui and on

this one, and the final ceremony was here, they played it as the original was enacted and all arrived in canoes, landing on the beach, which was right beside the grandstands. Not much can be said about the costumes,—except for two famous feather capes—but a great deal might be said about the masculine physiques which were quite conspicuous! The women are too corpulent to attract much attention, due to the rather indolent lives they lead, while their love of sports is largely responsible for the finely developed, muscular men. The entire setting was unlike anything any of us had ever seen, and, of course, there was no speech except in the Hawaiian tongue. The Hula dances interested many, and because they are so much spoken of I was glad to see them; but now I shall look more charitably upon the tango and the turkey trot, for such a wiggle as these were I never imagined. They were done by women only, and each one by herself.

We went to a masked ball (unmasked) and saw a thousand or more participants competing for the prizes, and were we not surprised when one of the only two persons present who knew us asked us to act as judges? Knowing how impartially we would be able to decide, we consented, but the worst was yet to come—imagine the color of my face when the other one of the "only two" asked me to go up on the stage and present the prizes to the winners! Well, it did no good to insist that some one better known should have that honor, so I left the gallery and went the length of that enormous room and was boosted (the steps had been removed to make more room for the dancers) up on the platform, and did the stunt, and was lifted down—I haven't dared ask if the dear souls injured their backs managing my 190 pounds! But I found out that it is much less embarrassing to be conspicuous in large

crowds than among a few, and that to know but few in such a crowd makes it easier than to know many.

The water carnival in the harbor was an occasion never to be forgotten, for many reasons. The harbor was a fairy land with lighted boats and Japanese lanterns by the thousands. The boats paraded past all the grandstands, and some were particularly clever and artistic: one launch had a string of lanterns revolving lengthwise of the boat; the "pirate" boat was so real that I did not enjoy their yells and shots! The color effects, with the lights, the flags, etc., were lovely, but the boats carrying bands were not so popular, though well decorated, for they used little discretion in keeping at a distance from each other, so that at one time there were three bands on the water and one on shore, all playing within hearing. Now do you say I like music? yes, I do, but not *bands*, though all of them here play well. After the boats went back to their several docks there was another pyrotechnic display. It was quite similar to the one I have already told you about, but they introduced one real novelty: an elephant standing in front of a water trough into which his keeper was pumping water; after the dear animal had his "full and plenty" he raised his trunk and showered his keeper until he was washed away. Now one could hardly realize this without seeing it, for each detail was just as clear as a picture, and one had to remind himself that he was looking at fireworks.

The attack upon Constantinople was also very fine. The noise from the guns certainly made one think of the horrors of war.

Next we witnessed the swimming races. They were quite exciting to us, and more so to the people who knew the contestants. San Francisco did herself credit, and in one or more instances broke world records. There

was one Hawaiian man who heretofore had carried off all honors given here, for these native men, if trained, are real athletes. The short races, those up to 225 yards, were soon run and finished, but when it came to 880 yards and a mile, it was quite another matter. It was interesting to watch the different characteristics: some start off boldly but drop out; some go on deliberately until the end, etc. One of the contestants was a one-legged man. He didn't even use crutches when out of the water, but hopped around. We sat in the sun on benches for three hours to see these races, so you may well imagine they were worth while and were well managed.

We were home only one hour for lunch between this morning's races and the one o'clock start in our car, for a good corner from which to see the flower parade comfortably, without having to sit in the sun on one of those awful backless boards that were made of no soft material, I can assure you! I might as well tell jokes on myself as on the other fellow: I started to read while waiting this hour and a half, but the combined effect of the heat, late hours, and the present quiet time made me so sleepy that I put back my head and dozed off, thinking that no one here would know me. On Monday I was asked, "How did you enjoy your sleep out-of-doors on Saturday?" and soon discovered that at least four people who knew us had seen me, *so* no more sleeps in public for me, thank you!

The flower parade was quite good. Many of the floats were designed to suggest some kind of business—such as a man dressed entirely in blown-up auto tires—or some olden time scene or native custom. Each Island was represented by a procession of mounted men and women, a queen leading. Some of the private autos taking part in this parade were decorated with natural flowers, but

they showed the effect of the heat and sun so much that those using artificial flowers really made the best appearance.

After a six o'clock dinner on this same day we went out again at seven to see the Japanese lantern parade, which was very effective indeed. The best float was a light-house with a real revolving light. Those near the starting-point, however, are the only ones who saw it, for the horse drawing it balked, seeming to prefer to soar toward heaven rather than to remain on earth with vile creatures and such nonsense as a "parade"! so he had to be taken away home; but he was not thrashed, though I confess I was wishing I could get out and give him a lesson in obedience!

It is a pleasure to see people enter into things with such enthusiasm as they do here—*everybody* either participated or looked on during these festivities. It was beautiful to see fathers hold children up in, and above, a crowd for hours at a time. It interested me to see that there were as many Japanese and Chinese on the grandstands as there were white people or Hawaiians. These two nationalities are very nice in their family life, especially the Chinese, but I shall have more to say of that in some future letter.

On the last day of the carnival there was a military parade, but as it was moving day for me, I sent my husband to represent our large family. He said they made a very good showing. There are, I believe, 8000 here now, and more coming all the time—for these Japanese must be watched! In the afternoon, when moving was pretty well over, I left a maid unpacking and we went off to see the tournament between different regiments. This was wonderfully good—a marvel to those who had never seen such a tournament, and a creditable showing to those who were able to compare this one with others. The riding

feats were very skilful; men rode four horses at one time, having two feet on two horses and controlling the other two, and while doing this even did jumping exercises, etc.

The artillery display was noisy, but it demonstrated to what quick action men and horses could be trained. It fascinated me to watch them place the guns, drive the horses away, and turn the guns on the objective point, all in an incredibly short period of time. In the "Tug of War," or test of strength and grip of the hands, the colored contestants were successful once and the white men once. The jumping test was the means of giving us all a good laugh, for though many of the men scaled that eleven-foot fence in an instant, others were slow and laughably awkward. The bridge that was constructed in a few minutes was much stronger and looked better than many county and state bridges I have seen made of wood. The artillery wagons, many horses, and men went over it to show its strength; then, after a sham battle, one-half of the men, while still playing their guns on the enemy, went over the bridge and blew it up behind them. That noise must have shaken the *earth*, and helped one to realize how awful must be the real thing.

That evening at nine o'clock, having received one of their special engraved invitations, we went to the military ball and enjoyed seeing the variety of uniforms mingling with men's evening suits and ladies' fancy dresses. The color effect was very remarkable, as you can readily imagine when you try to picture 2000 people in one room. We saw enough to satisfy two non-dancing, staid old folks, who already had carnivalitis, and left at ten forty-five, feeling that though we had thoroughly enjoyed every feature of the carnival (except the band music), we were not sorry that it had finished today—just in time for us really to enjoy home life in our new home that we had just

entered. As we have now been in our home five days, I believe you will be interested to know that the help are quite satisfactory, though I do wish they knew more English, for they always say "yes," and I never know whether they understand or not. For instance, if you had asked to have lemonade made and served to guests in the evening, two of whom were to be dinner guests, and when you are called to dinner there is the lemonade on the table, how would you feel? But mistakes are less embarrassing because everybody here understands and excuses. The cook is really very fine, and so economical that I hardly need to buy any food at all! We feel already that we could live better here on the same money that it costs us in the States for half the time; in other words, could live a whole year here for about what half a year would cost at home. We have all fresh vegetables, and have had them for lunch and dinner now for five days, and still have some left, at a cost of eighty-five cents! and as for the help, I can't discover yet what they eat. The fish and lobster are delightful; we have had as delicious squab and steak as one could wish to eat, and we get four squabs for ninety cents, where they are ninety cents and a dollar a pair at home.

I am constantly more enthusiastic—in fact, *we* are, for John sings Honolulu praises daily. He never looked or felt so well; has to have all trousers made smaller, and glories over me by saying he weighs the same as I do now and will weigh less. Our golf is doing us both good. I too find my clothes getting a *little* loose—and here's hoping I lose a lot, though I am so well now I don't mind carrying the weight.

If you can't realize how perfect it is here from my descriptions, just come see and we will show you the time of your life!

A CHRONICLE OF SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE TIME FLY IN HONOLULU

If you should ask me about the heat here and how we stand it, I should say at once, do not credit the "120 in the shade" story that a friend of mine repeats, for it never applies to this wonderful climate, which never goes below 57, and never goes above 85. Our experience has been, too, that there is always a breeze except before a shower, so either breeze or shower keeps one comfortable all the time. We know neither cold nor heat—except at golf some days it *is* hot in the valley. We sleep under a blanket every night; we wear white clothes and shoes nearly all the time, and enjoy them so much that we feel sorry for those at home buried in overshoes, furs, and raincoats; those things are put out of sight here. And as for sleeping! it is wonderful how we trust all mankind and go off to dreamland with no doors shut except the screens; in fact, I know of no way to lock up this house, so we "while living in Rome do as the Romans do" and have no fear. Two-thirds of my large bed-room has windows in place of walls, and there are two outside doors besides, so you can readily imagine how we revel in fresh air and would dislike living where we must be shut in. According to the home papers—which we get here only twelve days old—we have much to be thankful for in having escaped this "mild" winter there, and nearly hourly we say, "What if the home folks could see us living out-of-doors and enjoying the blessed sunshine and even temperature!" Indeed, we are truly thankful.

The golf links are the most difficult we have seen anywhere, but the scenery while playing surpasses that of any links we know of. In one direction the sea, with numerous boats, large and small, coming and going; and

from each of the other three sides mountains towering above us. Some days climbing these mountains is hard, especially if there is no breeze, and because of this previous exertion we never play more than eleven holes—usually only ten. As hill climbing is recommended for "corpulent people," we do it with a grin, and even in so short a time have discovered slight progress in "reduction"; we are hoping for more evident results before we leave. Should you presume to ask how well we play, I could only reply we do not "play"—we "exercise." However, though I never handled a club before I came here, I keep up with my husband and we play about alike. My seemingly weak wrists, and really weak ankles, seem to keep me off of the road called success, but I keep on trying and may become quite proficient some day.

As for my kodak, it is surely a great pleasure for us, and at times quite an exciting pastime, for I, like the children, long to see the result the minute I have pressed the bulb—and I have to wait the better part of two days before I can see how many failures I have made, and, incidentally, how many successes I may have scored. Mr. Perkins, the photographer who does my developing, kindly tells me my errors and how to avoid them, so I am learning something each week, but still have so much to learn I feel I know nothing as yet. I find time and interior exposures very difficult *and* very fascinating.

Since we left the beach and came to our dear little home we are too far away to do sea-bathing and golf without giving up the entire day to it. As there are so many other things to do, we have decided that two or three times a week we will go direct from golf and have our swim. We tried this plan last week for the first time. We leave here at nine and return at one, having played golf, motored about ten miles (to and from), and been in

the sea for half an hour. For the benefit of those who remember how my "gude mon" used to dislike surf-bathing, let me say that he really enjoys it while holding on to me, and is now going to take swimming lessons from a native man. It does me good to see people grow young instead of old, and enter into the interests of outdoor life, for that is a good road to health and happiness.

I am sorry if, in my enthusiasm over this country, I repeat myself and weary you with twice-told tales, but I can't possibly remember what I have written and sent off! The flowers are very attractive, though there are not so many varieties of those best known to us in the States. The Bougainvillea in brick-red, scarlet, and purple is strikingly beautiful, growing as it does in massive vines that spread out forming arbors and covering buildings. It is frequently grown to cover old buildings, and the result is that the unsightly is covered and concealed by the flowers. The hibiscus hedges are gorgeous, and the hundreds of varieties of these flowers keep one continually surprised, for there is always a new one to be seen; the double ones are equal to roses. Roses themselves are not such a success because of the Japanese beetle. There are nice roses, of course, but they are not so plentiful because they require so much more care. We are getting pansies, sweet peas, asters, African (red) daisies, lilies, chrysanthemums, carnations, and other kinds too numerous to mention, and all very reasonable in price, too. I can keep three or four vases full for fifty or seventy-five cents or a dollar a week.

We enjoyed very much a visit to Koko Head Mountain wireless station. Two of the experts *tried* to explain that intricate subject to us, but I feel sure I shall never be able truthfully to say I understand it.

I can't remember whether I have told about seeing the process of sugar making from the field to the bags in the

ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL HONOLULU

storehouses. The one mill we visited puts out 60,000 tons a year at $65 a ton. Nine rollers crush the cane, put out the part that becomes sugar, and so squeeze the pulp that it is dry enough to be used for fuel to run the engines. After my visit I can't see any warrant for the awful stories that are heard about sugar being the dirtiest product put on the market, for everything is done by machinery, all of which looks, and is, clean; a human hand never touches it in all its processes of manufacture.

I suppose that I should tell that I volunteered to do some Lenten work, and as a result I am now singing alto in the Cathedral choir. The organist and leader is a young Englishman, Mr. Carter, who has sung or played in cathedral choirs all his life. He is a good organist and does very well with the voluntary choir. In the morning it has about thirty singers; in the evening there is a joint Chinese, Hawaiian, and Cathedral choir of about fifty voices. We are to sing "The Crucifixion" on Good Friday, and "Worthy is the Lamb" for the Easter anthem. I feel quite at home doing choir work again, and am so glad I can help a little. The choir members have been, and are, beautifully attentive to me. The sweet girls from the Priory school, especially, lavish attentions upon me, and I sit in choir with one of them on either side of me. The alto soloist is quite a noted singer—a Mrs. Anderson; she has a truly beautiful voice. The new pipe organ was used today for the first time, and was a great treat to both choir and congregation after having only a small organ for many weeks.

We were so glad to find here Rev. and Mrs. William Reese Scott. He is chaplain out at Fort Shafter. He was for years at Media, and knows so many we know. He has been away from Philadelphia only five years, and has been here only two months. They have called and soon

we are to entertain them here and be entertained there. He is a very good preacher, and preaches at the Cathedral every Wednesday evening during Lent; they are charming people to know.

It is surprising to us on the ground, and hardly conceivable to those who do not know Honolulu, the number of automobiles there are here—certainly no less than a thousand, and more coming in on every steamer. Well, I can't see how people get along without one; I am sure I wouldn't wish to try, for though the trolley service is good, it is not overfrequent, to say the least, and there are hilly distances to cover; we use ours constantly. During our stay of more than a month now we have had a car rented by the week, a Cadillac, with exclusive use of car and man; we have had it out day and night, for long runs and short ones, and haven't yet had a puncture or trouble of any kind (I hold my hand on my wooden head while I write!). We think that a very creditable record. I should add that we get it very cheap, too, as compared with anything we have ever had before, at home or abroad.

I had the privilege of being invited as a guest of Mrs. Restarick's to a native reception given out at the Country Club. The decorations were beautiful beyond description. The gowns of the receiving party were designed and ordered by the man who was responsible for the decorations. Mrs. Shingle (don't worry, they never meet!), the hostess, is one of five sisters, all very well married; they are half white (one looks more so than I do just now!). One is a princess, being the wife of the adopted son of the present ex-queen. There were hundreds present, and I met so many that my feeble brain was threatened with a brain storm—names are a bugbear to me, and here I already have hundreds to remember.

And now you will wish to know about my birthday; but you will remember that "February twenty-fifth" this year was Ash Wednesday, so no festivities that day. On the evening before Mr. and Mrs. McGrew dined with us; our next-door neighbors, Mr. Butolph and his mother, called at eight, and as it was just about time to cut the birthday cake, they joined us for cake and cream. We had quite a jolly time over the cake *without* candles! They all spent the evening with us and left their congratulations and best wishes. Having been in our home only one day, I think we did very well. John asked the cook to make the cake, so that was a surprise to me, and it was a very pretty one. My gift was one that was purchased at Grand Canyon—four Mexican opals, unmounted. They are truly beautiful, and considered something quite special because of special colors they contain. These you may see after Caldwell's have done their artistic work of setting them. As for the real day,—Ash Wednesday,—we enjoyed every minute of it and did not lose many minutes. First we went to the ten o'clock service at the Cathedral—a fine service, a sermon by the Bishop, a fine congregation. We were home only forty minutes at lunch time, and left again to take the Bishop and a lady singer to Schofield Barracks for service in the chapel there —a fine attendance and a lovely service. Home two hours at dinner time, then to the evening service at the Cathedral. Rev. Mr. Scott preached on "Habit." He thoroughly masters his sermons, and holds the attention of old and young. After service I had my first rehearsal with the choir. I have to remember that I am singing alto, but I do love it better than soprano, and am so glad they needed me on that side, though I am to help the sopranos with the "Crucifixion." We are having a quiet and happy Lenten season, and are so glad not to be touring round, as

we have been other years. We are enjoying lectures on Thursday mornings on India, given by Dr. Staley, the daughter of the first Bishop to Honolulu. I am taking a few notes, and will give them to you at some future writing. It is a very interesting subject, and I am sorry Elmendorf is lecturing in Philadelphia now, for I had hoped to hear him on India.

The longer we stay here, the more we enjoy it, and consider it ideal. We have very few mosquitos, no flies—seasons of plenty of ants, but they are least annoying; in fact, nothing to mar the pleasure of the outdoor life or comforts of home either.

Some one has asked me how much it is a word for cable to Philadelphia. Thinking others may be interested, I will answer here that it is forty-seven cents per word: thirty-five cents to San Francisco and twelve from there to Philadelphia.

Does some one wonder what we have to eat? Well, I could easier tell you what we haven't. There are watermelons, strawberries, tomatoes, celery, cauliflower, string-beans, new potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, spinach, Chinese cabbage (very delicious) and our cabbage, taro (roots of which are used as a potato or for making the famous native poi, taro tops (used as spinach is), new peas, lima beans, alligator pears, lettuce, fresh figs, wonderful pineapple, beets, corn on cob, native oranges, artichokes —sorry I didn't put fruits by themselves, but I am just putting them down as I think of them, and I can't think of them all by any means. All I have mentioned are fresh goods of very best quality, and most of them grown on these islands. Now do you think we live on vegetables only? Well, I think not! There are live chickens and squabs killed when you wish them; the best fish I ever ate in my life: red snapper and Kumm, especially fine,

but very expensive because the Japanese control all the deep-sea fishing. We use beef killed on this Island, very good lamb—in fact I can't think of anything we can get at home and can't get here. Best leg of lamb is twenty cents a pound; best tenderloin steak, twenty-five cents; but chickens raised here are *fifty* cents a pound, and those from the coast are forty, so what we save on meats we spend on fowl, but it takes but little of either, for I can't tell yet what the help eat—except rice and jelly.

How I wish you could hear my "Pigeon-English"! "Two stop dinner"—that means guests, of course. "Pau," finished, all ready, that is all. I can't write it, but I talk it. I was amused when the maid wished clothes'-line. She could not say it my way, so she took out John's coat on hanger and pointed to the wire loop and then to the coat, and said "dirty clothes." I said immediately, "clothes'-line and pins," and she smiled the smile that won't come off because I was so quick to understand. We really get along beautifully, considering how little English they speak, though the cook writes it quite well, and spells correctly on his order lists for store and market. But I must not allow myself to enthuse too much about the help; they are very good and we are very happy, but in the twinkling of an eye I may be doing "chief cook and bottle-washing job" myself, for, as per experience of others, I look hourly for an eruption of the kitchen crater and then, Oh joy!! *But* "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I should tell you that this (as you think it) *little* town has all electric fire equipment, several ice plants, electric light plants, and hundreds of other things that you wouldn't believe possible until your see it.

It is now time to go out to a lecture, and this must get off in the mail tomorrow, so farewell! until I write again.

All keep as well and as happy as we do and you will be very fortunate.

We are enjoying our Lenten season, and I am deeply impressed by the never-ceasing activity of the Bishop and his workers. They stick everlastingly at it. One dear teacher tells me she hasn't any day or evening out of the seven for herself.

Do come to Honolulu, and do try to come while we are here!

Goodnight, and "Mizpah!"

AN "UNINSPIRED" LETTER

Besides lack of inspiration, this letter has back of it, I fear, a little of what is known in the States as plain "laziness," though here it is called the "Hawaiian temperament"—lack of ambition. To show how some Hawaiians live in ease and comfort I heard this story the other day, which I think will bear repeating for the benefit of the overcareful, precise, ambitiously correct Philadelphian. A California lady came here with letters of introduction to two gentlemen, who, though not born here, but in the States, have lived here so long that they conform to the customs of the people. Evidently the first one to whom she presented her letter received her nicely at his store, and learning that the second letter was addressed to a good friend of his, he graciously offered to take the lady out to the home of his friend on the Sunday following. She accepted his courtesy and they drove out there and were cordially received by the gentleman of the house on the lawn, and lo and behold! he was attired in pajamas, and entertained them thus all the afternoon, and never once suggested but that he was correctly dressed! Needless to say, the lady was surprised; she also felt morti-

fied, but her escort did not seem to think it at all out of the way, and informed her that his friend was simply enjoying the freedom and pleasure of his beach home. Now I know this story to be true, but I do not know of any like case, either from hearsay or personal observation, so don't think that *all* here live in that much ease and comfort, and I am quite sure *we* will never come to it.

And here is another true story, told by a teacher in a Chinese mission school: the teacher, after giving and explaining new words, asks each child to write a sentence using the new word correctly. This day's new word was "trestle," and one of the sentences read: "A good father trestles his children while they go to school." When the teacher insisted that it was not correctly used, the child, quite indignant, insisted that she knew it was right because the dictionary says trestle means support, "and I know our father trestles us!"

Have I asked in any of my letters why Honolulu is the richest city in the world? Answer: It has a Diamond Head (mountain), a Pearl harbor, a Koko Head (mountain), and a Punch-bowl (a crater). And now I will see if I *can* write any sense.

I am in love (isn't that strange?) with—my Japanese maid! I told you once that she is "nearly pretty"; since I know her better, and also in accordance with the expressions of some of my callers, I now leave off the "nearly." Besides I was always taught that "pretty is that pretty does," and that surely applies to this dear sixteen-year-old. She says "I have four sisters and brothers, two stop home, two stop school; she go home Sundays and little sister call out: 'Mama, Kuma come, come quick!'" She had worked only four months before coming to me, and I had feared I would have trouble, but she is a wonder. She *hunts* work to do, insists upon

doing up all table-cloths, and steals away with my fine waists to do up. When I tell her she is "too young to do much laundry," all she says is, "I like iron too (very) much," and she does it beautifully. She is all smiles, and so smart that I nearly envy her her ability to mimic and to learn. She does all mending, and after I have worn a dress she steals it out to her little house, and when I see it next it is beautifully pressed. She is so clean—never wears an apron, yet never has a spot. And such silence! with two servants one could hardly believe it possible; they speak in a whisper and work the same way. I often, in my thought, compare them with noisy "Katie" or "Mary"—isn't it strange? They wash up every dish and pan before they eat any meal themselves, and except rice, I can't see what they eat. The most fun I have had for a long time was when I asked them if I might take their pictures: "Yes, yes, tank you! tank you, tank you, yes, yes!" and then the chatter in Japanese while I was focusing, etc. It was rich to see and hear, and I am *hoping* I secured fine pictures. Watanobe was quite abashed because he had "no hat, no coat, they stop home." In other words, he had come in the morning without hat and coat. He is economy personified; he says: "Gas stove cost too much, wood more better." "Why, Watanobe?" "Wood cost seven eight dollar, gas ten dollar, I tink." "Yes, but wood more trouble." "Oh no, more better, more cheap, wood." When I didn't comply with the first request to buy canned tomatoes, I received the second request, so I asked: "Why you like can tomatoes?" "Oh, more cheap, more cheap; fresh tomatoes more dear." You may remember we live on top of a hill. The postman told Watanobe to tell us to put a letter-box down front, but instead of telling us he made a wooden one himself out of a box and placed it down at the entrance. As

for his cooking—it is fine, though he declares "he no good cook." But when I tell you that in more than a month now we have not had the same dessert or salad twice, and every one of them has been delicious, to say nothing of all the rest of the cooked food, you will believe me when I say we think ourselves most fortunate and happy to have gotten him. He is married and lives at home, and receives from us seven dollars a week. Kuma lives in a little cottage back of ours and receives five per week.

As I sit on this lanai (porch) and write, with the beautiful breezes blowing around me, I can but wonder how you would like to have such climate there. Really, I fear we will be two restless, miserable creatures if ever closed in between brick walls and dirty streets again. We are about ready to sing a song: "Honolulu forever!" and are looking at houses and lots already, so all who love us would better plan to follow us to this "Paradise of the Pacific," for it is the only place to live!

I have finished crocheting a navy blue tie for John, and am now well started on a lavender one. I have issued orders that he have his fat chin sliced some, so as not to stain the new silk ties. As he weighs much less, he shows he is making an effort to comply with my orders. He is so well that he has to pinch himself to see how pain feels, and so brown, that instead of looking like a United States man, he looks like a native Hawaiian. I *should* be loath to remark this, for I am not very white and emaciated looking myself, and I too have to be reminded that nine months ago I was "condemned to die."

I think I am a model wife, don't you? Why? Well, because I am at home *trying* to write, while I have sent my good husband out riding with two ladies! The fact is that with golf, sea-bathing, candy making, two afternoons a week as a Lenten offering for the Priory girls,

"At home" every Thursday afternoon, and taking Priory teachers, missionaries, etc., out riding, I can't keep up with my writing, which is nearly sufficient to keep a secretary busy. So today I said, "You go and do the honors as host and ask the teachers to excuse the hostess," but to show what a busy lady I am, I have to be dressed and ready when John comes at five to go with him to make two calls that are overdue now.

Our Thursday afternoons are very pleasant. We have had twenty-one callers this first month, and for strangers in town I think that is rather proving that we are *not* "strangers!" Of course, that does not include those calling on other days than Thursdays. In the month we have had guests for two luncheons and four dinners; this number is small because we are avoiding any merry-making in Lent. So far we have been invited out to only two dinners, but people understand that we prefer not to be until after Easter.

We are surely enjoying our Lenten season, and find it such a contrast to the ones spent traveling! The services and sermons are very much to our liking, and the longer we know Bishop Restarick and Canon Ault, the more we realize what a strenuous life of sacrifice they lead, and how much of the wonderful success of the work here is due to their untiring efforts and their love of the people. Their wives are nice, helpful women too. I do enjoy my choir work very much—haven't missed a service since I started, and find singing alto much more interesting than soprano. I have been asked to join the choral, but have declined.

Do let me ask you to enlighten people who are under any impression other than that Honolulu is part of the U. S. A. It is a standing joke here what the States people say and write about it—even in letters from Washington, and

from many people well versed in history, etc. And never allow any one to think of the people here except as clean, wholesome, educated, and progressive. I have just learned that there is an automobile here for every six of the white population. The newspapers here keep us in touch with daily news from all parts of the world.

It is a good thing I didn't start to send this in diary form this winter, for two reasons: not only would I have failed to get it off promptly, but each day brings so much that is the same as another that it would be uninteresting matter to send home, though I do keep up my diary for myself.

When I told you of the things that use up my time, I didn't include my kodak, and I can tell you I spend many hours experimenting with that, but I begin to feel encouraged now and believe I will learn eventually.

I want to say here that I answer (by a photo usually) each letter received, so that if you do not receive my answer you will know that either yours or mine has gone astray. And should you have noticed a San Francisco postmark on letters, I will explain that we did not run up there in the car to mail them, but were merely too late at the post-office for a ship's mail and took them down to the mail bag on the ship.

I am hoping our Easter cards will be attractive and enjoyed. I have not seen the finished work yet, but we spent hours trying to get suitable pictures, and being an amateur, it so happened that either focus, light, or background was always wrong; but at last we accepted, and had finished, 150 in these two styles.

So that you may know how active we are, I might say that I rise at six thirty to six forty-five every day and seldom rest during the day. John rises at seven, or seven fifteen (whenever I call him), and does find time for naps,

but he doesn't look after household duties, crochet, kodak, read something every day besides daily papers, and write diary, etc. I can't remember to record all my mail, but I have a record of over 200 pieces sent out so far, and that does not include Hayes Home or choir postals or Easter cards. I still must write to each recipient of a magazine, and now I must rewrite my lecture on Palestine because I have been asked to give it here and have not my manuscript (my! how many times I wish for things in that house trunk that was packed to be sent to California and is still with Fidelity storage!). Today's isn't the only ride I will have to forego.

I have been asked in a letter what tithes the people here pay to Uncle Sam. Though I am not prepared to make a technical reply, I might just say that all the government here is under the United States and the same rulings are in force. All tariff is, of course, an income to the United States, and taxes are paid—even the income tax.

I was also asked why there are so many Orientals (Japanese and Chinese) here. The question of labor for the cane plantations first brought them, and now there are at least fifteen nationalities here. The Porto Ricans and Filipinos are considered a menace because so unlike the cleanly, honest, quiet Oriental home-seeker. As to the answer to the question: "Are many of them Christians?" I am sorry I cannot give any authentic figures, so will not attempt any definite answer, but will say that our own church alone has eleven congregations in Honolulu, and there are many others among other denominations. Our Bishop considers the Chinese the most religious people here. They are doing a wonderful work among their own people: are just now building a new church, because they have outgrown their old one. They give of time and money freely, and are very faithful in attendance at services.

Though there are some heathen temples here, there can't be many, for I haven't seen one yet—and surely if "Christianity" is to be judged by a life of honesty and industry, I should think there is a great deal of it among the Orientals. I am hoping to give a lecture on Honolulu next fall, and if I do, I shall try to have some data along this as well as other lines which I haven't now.

We are still struggling with the technicalities of golf, and fully understand why it is said to be the hardest of games to learn. We have each had one lesson, and I am soon to have my second, and hope to learn some day how to avoid the earth and the air and send a ball in the right direction. There is one thing to be said in our favor—we haven't either one of us yet lost a ball that was not found with a little hunting.

John has had his first two swimming lessons from men—and I can't say how many from me; all I can say is, if any of you want to do Lenten penance, just try to teach a man to swim who says he can't get his feet up! But I "cheer up," for he will do it, I believe, before Lent is over, and he enjoys the water so much that it is worth while, though he be slow to have confidence in himself. I expect to be quite muscular soon, but am not sorry he weighs less!

We saw a twelve-inch gun the other day that requires twenty-five men to handle it.

We have been to a lecture on the care of tuberculosis, in which Dr. Sinclair, the lecturer, shows that this disease takes a toll of 200,000 annually in the United States—10,000 in New York city alone; and here an average of one a day—entirely among the Orientals, who leave their out-of-door lives and homes, and, coming here, try to adapt themselves to our mode of living, which, with their large families, makes it necessary to crowd into small,

badly ventilated places to live. The death-rate from tuberculosis here is more than 50 per cent. greater than that from any other disease. But I should tell you that I have seen but one funeral in nearly two months. I think that speaks well for the climate and the life here.

From the way I have rambled on, I fear you will think I have a brain storm or nervous prostration; I haven't either, but am just chatting as I would if I could talk with you.

I think I told you I had taken pictures of my "loved ones," the Japanese pair that run this household. Now I can tell you that they turned out fairly well. The two dear souls have Sunny Jim's laugh, or the "smile that won't come off," and again I have had a "tank you, tank you" from them. Two friends happened in today, just in time to see Kuma, "the short of it," trying to hook up the gown of Mrs., "the long of it," and were enjoying the way I bent my knees and the intensity of her interest in her work, when I discovered them all ready for a laugh—which we had after the little jewel had left the room.

I think I have told you how cheap food is here; now I must tell you of this week's experience: I was down at market and suddenly spied *watermelons*, so set my heart on having one at once. Fortunately, I asked the price, and I nearly fell down when told: "One dollar half." When I turned and asked some one if the man had meant "a half dollar," he said, "No, they never go below $1.50 here because of a certain bug that destroys the vine and makes it nearly impossible to grow them." You may say you have seen them cost that much at home; well, so have I, but not one so round and small that it would go into a half-peck measure! I need hardly tell you that I very quickly decided that watermelon was not good for us, and

that we would much prefer a dessert made by the "dear Jap" anyway! How is that for economy? We are getting fresh asparagus from the Pacific coast now, and find it quite good, though never like that grown in the East. And have I told you what delicious lobsters we get? Certainly just as fine as in Maine, and quite inexpensive: we can get two for seventy or eighty cents.

We do enjoy the home mail, and always feel relieved after reading that all is well on both sides of the house. We are sorry for every one who had to brave the hard, bad weather, and doubly so for those who suffered any injuries or even discomforts because of it, and we are truly thankful to have been able to escape it. We have had four mails in and four out this week; how does that read to any one who may think we are isolated or far from home?

And now, that my readers may not be subjected to "brain storm," and that this may not have to go as a package, rather than a letter, and that I may keep something to tell you next time, I will say "Mizpah" and good-night!

EASTER SUNDAY

With a heart full of Easter joy I greet you today, hoping that you have had the perfect day there that we have had here, and that you enjoyed as fine service or services as we have. Our morning service crowded the Cathedral at eleven. Chairs had to be put in every available place. And I should tell you that that congregation was composed of only whites and English-speaking people (the Chinese having their own church and service, and the Hawaiians having their separate service in the Cathedral at nine fifteen) and I am not saying how many worshiped in the two early communion services, but heard the Bishop say

that people thronged to these early services—I say, when one sees or knows of all this evidence of a spirit of worship, it is impossible not to be stirred and inspired. And now, before I can write further, I must put away my work and go out to see the children's three o'clock service in the Cathedral. At that time all the Sunday schools under the Bishop's care have a procession into the Cathedral and there present their Easter offerings, and how happy they are! and how they have worked to earn pennies! They have not been above doing *anything* if it be honorable, to earn something for their mite boxes. The whole-hearted, sincere, and happy disposition of the people here is very inspiring, and might well be a lesson to thousands in other places.

Now we have returned from the children's service and feel that we might go the world over and never see such a sight elsewhere! Each Sunday school marched to the Cathedral with its banners flying, and were seated as they arrived until they finally filled the entire Cathedral. Then the joint choirs of the several missions and all the clergy came in and filled the entire chancel, having to use extra chairs. They then had their usual service of carols, evening prayer, and sermon, after which one member of each mission responded to the roll call of the missions and went forward to the altar, bringing with him or her a white bag distinctly marked with the name of the mission and the amount of the Lenten offering which it contained. Last year's Sunday School offering from the Islands to our Board of Missions was one thousand dollars. They are hoping for more this year, but will not know the amount for a couple of weeks yet. Then there were carols and hymns, and each school marched up and down the aisles, out into the Cathedral close, and back into the church to finish the service. I could never begin to describe the

scene so that you could have any idea of its unique quality and picturesque setting. There were about 800 children, and they represented about twenty different nationalities, those standing out most prominently being the Koreans, Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians, and whites. This service is considered quite remarkable, and numbers of people go to see it each year, having to stand or to sit on chairs in the vestibule to see it at all. I took several pictures of it, but do not anticipate any phenomenal success, for moving objects are not easily taken at best. I am hoping for some good ones, however.

This evening the Knight Templars will come to the service in a body, and again the church will be crowded. I should think the clergy would take great satisfaction in their work here, for the people respond so well. This morning's collections were fourteen hundred dollars, and they hope by the close of the day to have twenty-five hundred, so that the last payment may be made on the ten thousand dollar organ just finished. Bishop Restarick is so beloved and respected that people say of him: "If he asks for anything, he gets it." He surely is a *plunger*, never ceasing day or night, and his delight in the work done at the Priory is wonderful. He feels a personal interest in every one of those ninety boarders, and seems to love each one. To see his face when he whispered to me this morning before service that the Priory girls had an Easter offering this year of a hundred and forty-one dollars, as against eighty-six last year, would have cheered any heart; he is so proud of their love for, and devotion to, the work of the church. These girls are of all ages from five to twenty. I can't myself see how any one could help loving them, they are so sweet and lovable! They are of all the national mixtures you can imagine. I think I told you of the one here from Chestnut Hill—

half Chinese, half Irish. Bishop brought her from New York to California alone last fall, then he and his wife brought her here. She is a dear, and the pet of all who know her, but afraid of us for fear we will take her home again.

My, how I rattle on and change the subject every other line! but my mind works faster than my hand.

Now I want to say a little about the Lenten season. I cannot tell of all the services, but every day there was one at 8.45 A. M. and 5.10 P. M. A children's service at four on Fridays. Every morning the Priory girls and the Iolani School (boys) came in procession and filled the greater part of the Cathedral. The girls wear veils made of white muslin held on over the front of the head with an elastic, and they do look so sweet! I wore one myself on Good Friday because I sang for the three-hour service with the Priory girls' choir, and they wear no other vestment than these veils. Several remarked how well the old married woman looked in her veil! Having mentioned the subject, I want to tell you here about that beautiful and inspiring three-hour service. The Cathedral was filled, and a third of the number were men—just think of that for a service from twelve to three! The Bishop gave ten-minute talks on all of the different last words of Christ before His crucifixion, and applied them to the present. He tells us that he had many letters thanking him for the helpful service. *I* surely enjoyed that three hours—so much so that I was not conscious of its being longer than any other service.

I am much impressed with the general spirit of this city during Holy Week. There seemed a cessation of all social functions during the entire week, and a marked demonstration of their regard for Good Friday, most of the business places being closed at noon. Another thing that inter-

ested me was the noonday services during Holy Week: they were held on the roof garden of the largest hotel, and were well attended by men and women. Our Bishop preached on Monday, and the clergy of other denominations on the other days. The services consisted of music and good sermons, all of them on the "last words" and the "last acts." I must not tire you, but I have been so greatly impressed by the general observance of Lent here that I can't help talking about it. I haven't told you, I think, that on each Wednesday evening Chaplain William Reese Scott, who was at one time at Media, preached at the Cathedral and seems to be thought of as the best preacher here. He is not only a fine preacher, but a fine pastor as well to these army men, and a charming man personally.

If you want to know about the music, you ought not to ask a choir member! But I will tell you what some others said, as several spoke to me expressing an opinion; all seemed to agree that the "Crucifixion," which we sang on Wednesday night, was better rendered than on any previous year, and that the Easter music was "beautifully sung." Perhaps I haven't told you what we sang: "Worthy is the Lamb," from Haydn's Messiah; Woodward's Communion service; and Harwood's Te Deum in A flat. The choir is entirely volunteer, but they have some very good talent, among them being a contralto trained abroad. She trained expecting to sing in grand opera, but a lawyer came along, and though in five years he saw her only five times, he never would take "no" for an answer, so he met her in Switzerland without waiting for the letter that was to bring her final answer, and which said "*no*," and as a woman has the privilege of changing her no to yes, they were married there and came here to live. She is a darling! She was calling here one day and

told John that she and I being the two married ladies in the choir, should be the staid and dignified ones, but instead of that we were like two girls together. She has a truly beautiful voice. I have already been asked to remain in the choir until we leave, and to become a permanent member of it when we return here to live. There is one trained and very sweet voice among the men, but most of them are quite good. One of them said to John the other day: "I saw you in church yesterday." John replied, "Yes, I am usually or always there, for my wife sings in the choir." He exclaimed, "Indeed, so do I. Is your wife the lady with glasses?" You can draw your own conclusion from this as to the number of glasses worn in the choir!

Now I must tell you more of our happy Easter, for not only did we enjoy the church services that I have told you about, but as usual I was a *pet*, and received many things I must tell you about. First I must tell you that I presented "Hubby" with a lavender tie I had crocheted, and he wore it with his full white suit, and looked a picture —but that is not strange, for he always looks so lovely in white clothes that I am sorry his Philadelphia family and friends cannot see him in them. This was tie number two since coming here, so you see I have no idle moments. Now back to my presents: I received two boxes from Philadelphia containing five presents, and we both received *many* cards from home, and some from here. And as for flowers: there was one bunch of violets, one bunch of African daisies, three dozen pink carnations, two dozen yellow chrysanthemums, and last, but not least, I received from a gentleman a darling tiny straw hat, trimmed and in a bandbox, and under the hat a little pasteboard house. When he presented it he said I would excuse slang if he said that he knew that I had had a house under

my bonnet for some time. Lest you may not understand his meaning, I will right here explain that he is a friend who has acted as broker for his friend, Mr. Davies, and us, in selling us the new beach home of his friend. Now isn't that a happy thing for me to be able to write? We are walking on air with joy at the prospect of most of the future being spent here, going home each fall to *visit.* How does this read to those of my friends who wrote me: "You can love Honolulu all you like, just so you don't love it better than Philadelphia" (well, I do all right, and who would not?), or the ones who said: "Some day you will want to be living there!" Yes, you both and all prophesied very well, and I have yet to know of any one seeing the beauties here without wishing to remain. Just this morning I overheard in the bath-house: "Oh, Jessie, isn't it wonderful here? Wouldn't you like to stay *forever?*" and the reply: "Yes, by Jove, all my life!" And they only came in on the ship this morning and leave tonight for the Orient.

As for the new home, I might say a great deal, but time forbids; enough to say for the present that the house was finished just before last Christmas, that it is furnished, except with linens, and that it is one of the very few most desirable lots on the beach. We can step off our lawn into the sea, and from the road entrance we have a beautiful lawn well covered with palms. The property was not for sale, but the owner is going to England for a year, and as they have a very fine town residence, and their sugar business has had such a slump, he said to his friend, and ours, "You can offer your friends my beach home!" We are being congratulated in all directions on being able to secure that property, and as to the beautiful reception given us ever since we arrived, it is now very much accentuated—since it is known that we are to become residents.

We feel as though we had known the people here for years, and already have many very good friends. We now anticipate going into our home on the twenty-third of this month, having been offered the use of table linen and bed linen by two friends until our home box reaches here early in May. The house is furnished with everything else we need. I do wish you all might see this object of our present excitement and surplus joy. I can only hope that we can persuade many home people to come here to visit—or, better still, to stay.

You will be interested to know that Kuma is still a rare jewel; she is a most lovable creature, and very enthusiastic about the new home. She says: "Yes? Too nice" (too always meaning very), "too nice; Mister too much money. Waikiki, nice, too nice." And could you have seen her face and heard her joyful: "Too much flowers!" each time a bunch arrived on Saturday, it would have done you good.

Watanobe is only to be with me until we move to the beach. He is not kind to Kuma, and as he offered to leave, I said "All right." I have engaged Mrs. Davies' cook, a very fine man (a Jap), *so* no trouble, but everybody "'appy."

I was much interested to see flags hung at some doorways, Japanese people and their children wearing a piece of crêpe, and all the Japanese stores closed on Saturday, just when they might have done much business, being the day before Easter—all because of the death of the Empress of Japan, thus showing that they are still loyal to the country they wouldn't go back to live in, and I admire them for it.

Do you home-keepers know about a jam or preserve made of rhubarb, with orange and orange peel sliced through it? I had never heard of it, and we think it very good. That is only one of many things I have eaten and

liked that I had never seen prepared in the same way before. We haven't had a dish yet that we have not enjoyed.

I was amused at what Mrs. Davies told me today about her—and my—new cook. When I asked if he had any peculiarities that I should know, she said, "He is very fond of making good things, and you may think him extravagant with milk and eggs and cream; if you do, just tell him so, and after that, when you order something made, he may ask you, as he often does me, "rich man's or poor man's style?"

Some one has asked how far we are from home. I will reply here, for the benefit of any other wondering one who may not know: we are a little over 5000 miles, it being about 2100 from here to San Francisco.

Any one writing us before, or on, May 15th can send it here, Kalia Road, Waikiki; after that it will be safer to send all mail to the Philadelphia office. Our summer address seems very uncertain. Since the box of linen and silver is coming here so that we can use our home and then rent it until our return, we feel more inclined to give up the idea of having a home in California this summer, but rather think we will motor for three months, seeing Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, and the entire state of California.

If my record is true, it looks as though I haven't written one of these letters since March 25th. I am sorry if I have been so delinquent, but I must confess I can't promise to mend my ways in the future, for I believe that from now on, since Lent is over, and since it is known that we are residents of Honolulu, we will be very busy folks every day, so never look for more than a photo acknowledging your individual letters.

For tomorrow I have accepted a luncheon invitation, and in the evening we are going to the opera house to hear

a violin recital. For Wednesday evening we have some guests that we are taking out to the Country Club to a dance, and we find the special attraction to be a demonstration of the new dances by a man expert, rather than the dancing itself. On Thursday afternoon I go to a reception as a guest of honor. On Friday we take the Bishop and Canon Ault on an all-day automobile trip around this Island, and on Saturday I have invited two guests to dinner and two others to join us in the evening to go to see an exhibition by an artist of colored slides of pictures he has taken on the Island. Now I haven't put down in this outline the golf, swimming, and other incidentals, but just given you an idea of the way a part of the time is occupied. I have just now come from quite an American party, where we saw hundreds of children rolling eggs on one of the fine lawns here. It was at the home of Ex-Governor Frear, and I said "American," because the Frears first saw this egg-rolling ceremony in our city of Washington on the White House lawn, and they came home inspired to give to all the first- and second-grade school children of Honolulu the chance to have such a party on Easter Monday of each year. And there we saw playing all together, as one people, many classes and kinds of children: Koreans, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Hawaiians, and whites. It is beautiful to me to see them mingle. The hostess and others had dyed eggs for children who had none, and seemed to make more fuss over them than over the well-to-do ones. It is the beautiful spirit of no class distinction that makes one admire the people here—there seem to be a place and room for every one. As there are so many intermarriages, it is the usual thing to ask a child what he is. To this question the other day one of them answered me: "I am half Hawaiian, half Chinese, and half White"—you see there

FOUR AMERICAN CITIZENS, NATIVE RESIDENTS OF HONOLULU

is more to the people here than you ever knew of when you went to school! I still continue to respect, admire, and like the Chinese people; they have traits of character that we would do well to copy.

You may remember that I asked you why Honolulu is the richest country in the world, and if you recall the answer, just add to it that it has an Emerald sea.

I have been asked if my good husband has become an expert on the surf board as Jack in "One Month in Honolulu," which I sent many of my readers. I wish to say that we have neither of us yet ventured to display our avoirdupois on surf boards, but are quite content to enjoy the surfing in canoes. If I have mentioned the candy making that I have been doing during Lent for the Lenten offering of the Junior Auxiliary of the Priory, I should tell you that we cleared somewhere between twenty-five and thirty dollars, and had the work been better known, much more could have been realized.

Now I must cease my chatter to avoid brain storm for us both. You are all very good to read my epistles and to say such nice things about them. Greetings and love to all!

ANOTHER EPISTLE FROM THE "PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC"

I have always maintained that I needed inspiration to write these home letters, but now that I know they have been called "classics," "works of art," "marvels of literature" (all by those who love me and know I need encouragement), and are passed to unknown friends to read, I quake with fear, for I have always been conscious of the errors and of the hasty writing, and now, with my mind and heart so full of this our own home, I am sure I can't

write sense—but I can, and do, ask you one and all to come over and see for yourselves the beauty of these Islands and of this beach home.

While I write now I sit on one of our lanais, hearing the sea beat against our sea wall, and looking up I can see at a glance the beautiful sapphire and emerald sea (there being many shades and colors of water due to the several channels, and the effect of the sun upon them), and our wonderful Hau tree that is at least three hundred years old. Part of it covers our boat house and one of the large bath-houses, and on the sea front a lanai of 50 x 20 feet, where we have a table, chairs, a hammock, and plenty of room for dances, if only we were trained in that art. Nor is this all, for it forms a bower or hedge for about fifty feet on one side of our lot; and we also have a lesser one on the other side of us, so we do well when trying to decide on a name for our "estate" to consider the Hawaiian name, "Hau oli," meaning joyful or gladness, and so strikingly including and calling attention to the Hau tree. We have not finally decided upon this name, but fear we cannot ask for suggestions, for we prefer using a Hawaiian name, and think few away from here would be an authority on this strange but rather pretty language.

But I think I started to tell you what I can see from where I am sitting to write, and, as usual, I branched off. I will just add that it being so near the sea you might conclude that our lawn was of sand; instead we have beautiful grass, and many ferns in tubs, and cocoanut palms growing—but it is too nice to describe, so I must not attempt it any further. And now you will wish to know about the house. Well, that too is too much for me to give a graphic description of: the rooms (nine and three baths) are all large, with so many windows that there is

little wall space for pictures or furniture. All woodwork is white, and all papers light in tone—a more cheerful house, or one with more windows and chances for air and "view," could not be built. The main front entrance is back from the road about 100 feet, that space being covered with lawn, trees, flowers, and palms. On one side is the entrance to the kitchen, and on the other side, and on the sea front, are entrances to the lanais that open into the den, the dining-room, and the hallway leading upstairs. There are sleeping porches upstairs sufficient to start a hospital—I will reserve them for my Philadelphia friends and family, and for those who cannot sleep outside I can make several very comfortable bedrooms indoors. The first floor is quite comfortably furnished, and two of the bedrooms are, but we will have to make quite a number of changes when we return here in January. The Davies, the previous owners, have a very fine town home, so never felt any necessity for furnishing this completely, and some of the things they did have were not included in our purchase. But we are very comfortable even now, and the house is in order, and clean and fresh looking, which is not surprising when you remember that it was built last fall and tenanted only since last December. This lot has been owned by the Davies family for many, many years, and originally had a native grass house upon it. The depth of the whole property is more than 500 feet; it is in two lots, one being on the other side of the road; there we have a small cottage for a home for the chauffeur, another cottage with three rooms for servants, a garage with room for two cars, and a laundry, and you can't imagine how happy I am not to have all these buildings on our front lot, as most people are compelled to do. We are receiving congratulations all the time—first, for having decided that we wished to have a home

here, and secondly, for having been able to buy this most desirable location and new house, and from people of such wealth that they had no good reason for selling and had not placed the property on the market at all. It was all due to our good friend Mr. Butolph, an Ohio man whose mother is visiting him here. Because of my admiration for, and attentions to, his mother we have come to know him quite well; he is the kind of man who can answer every question you ask him, and yet never says "I," and is always good company. Unfortunately for him and for some nice girl he hasn't a "better half," and though his dear mother has been making him annual visits of several months at a time, I fear that when she leaves here on May 6th she will probably never return, for she is seventy-five years of age. Up to two weeks ago she *seemed* not more than fifty, but since then has broken very much and now is very frail. She is loved by all who know her. They lived next door to our other home, so I saw her quite frequently.

Now I will begin my chat again, though I know I shall soon be interrupted, for I am expecting several in to afternoon tea any minute—but that is the way I have to do all my writing, just a little at a time—and there goes the bell now! * * * Seventy-four hours later is my first chance to continue this. Such a busy day I have had! interviewing telephone men, plumbers, electricians, and servants. Have, besides, had nearly two hours at golf, did some shopping, had lunch, read a bunch of mail, and dressed, then went out to be one of four receiving at a reception given in honor of "the four." I did not get in until nearly six, and have some one coming at seven-thirty, so if this goes off in tomorrow's ship, as it should, I shall feel I have accomplished something in telling you a little.

Each hour, day, and month make us more happy to know that we have the privilege of anticipating being residents of Honolulu, and since we are in our home, we rather think it a shame to leave here in June. Just now I am writing on the lanai under the Hau tree, the sea splashing at my feet, and the sun setting over my shoulder, and what more could one ask for?

As most of you know Watanobe, I must tell you that he proved to have a bad temper, which though never manifested to me, was displayed to Kuma to the extent of abuse, so he is "pau" (finished), and I have Mrs. Davies' cook. He is an excellent cook and a very agreeable man. As neither he nor Kuma was willing to run this house without another helper, I have his wife, so now I must remember to say Nishi and his wife Shiyo, and Kuma, and the gardener, Shumida. When I learn all these names I shall feel that I am becoming a linguist; and since I manage a husband and four servants,—in fact, five, including the chauffeur,—I think I am quite an important creature, needing much grace. So far, however, none of them has given me trouble, but rather, on the contrary, they save me much: when I have to *hunt* in my own kitchen for things I realize how much I depend upon the helpers there. But though I haven't much to do out there, I can do it when necessary; for instance, last week I cooked two meals in one day, between the time that one cook went and the other came, and my husband is still with me, and didn't call in a physician, but kindly announced to some one that I can always do well all that I attempt—even cooking; now isn't he kind? And yesterday I did, as I have done each Sunday (but will not have to do again since I have an extra girl), got one meal for us, and, in addition to that, I served afternoon tea to several, for one of the beauties of this location is that we can make others who

haven't a beach home, and are busy all the week, feel that they can enjoy with us the beauties and comfort of our sea front and lanais.

Well, it's no use now to try to finish this up in a sensible way: before my seven-thirty caller left three others arrived. I enjoy seeing people as much as I do writing, but am sorry that it is impossible to do both at the same time. Now it is lunch time; then dress to go out to the Ladies' Guild meeting at the church, and home in time to be ready for any callers that may come, for *Tuesday* is our "day" for this district; then we are to have two dinner guests—and the ship sails this afternoon, so off this must go, regardless! With it go our heartfelt wishes that you may all be as well and happy as we, and that you can live out-of-doors as we can here. We are slowly improving in golf, but in our moments of discouragement are told that it takes years of practice, so we still hope to play well some time. As for swimming: now we get out of bed, don bathing suits, and skip down-stairs and into the sea and watch the sun rise.

Another bunch of mail today leaves us glad that all at home are well and that people there were glad to receive the Easter cards, and that those who received the photographs, one and all, seem to agree that we look the part of "very well." I feel quite slighted, for all are so truthful that they say John looks thinner, but never such a word do they give to encourage and flatter me. Well, never mind, health is better than a sylph-like figure! Do save your pennies and come to see us and this haven of rest and joy. Aloha!

HONOLULU, MAY FOURTEENTH

Now are you wondering why the change from pencil to pen? My supply did not last indefinitely, and when I sent away for some more, my good friend sent me this, as no duplicate of mine could be found. I am sure you will be glad to see the ink—and so am I if my fountain-pen will come off the strike it has been on for a couple of weeks—it is worse than some of the army mules!

Where shall I start this? What do you wish I would tell you? My mind and heart hold too much I should like to share with you ever to write the half of it. Just tonight I can think of but three important subjects, so I better clear my system of them first: Today Mrs. Restarick gave a large reception in my honor. Their home was beautifully decorated—first with lovely flowers, many of them sent by people who were unable to be present; and secondly by lovely gowns far beyond my describing. Many of the ladies I had met once or twice perhaps and could not recall *all* the names; others were there whom I knew so well that they made a joke of it: "To meet Mrs. John E. Baird"; and many were there whom I had never met, and concerning all three sets I can only reiterate that I never expect to see in any city, large or small, so many lovable, charming people, and if any of my readers have ever heard me say (as I know I have said) that I didn't wish to know army and navy people, let me take it all back, for here I have met such charming people of both these sets that I am prepared to say that I *do* wish to know them and consider it a privilege.

One of the receiving party today was Mrs. Moore, wife of the well-known Admiral, and next week we are to dine at the home of Captain Phisterer—isn't that an awful name? But he couldn't help it, and his wife couldn't

help loving such a man in spite of his name. We have the honor of knowing the two new generals here, General Carter and General Edwards, and they are charming men.

As usual I have branched off from my story of today, but there isn't much more that can be written except that I, or *we*, stood for three hours hearing, pronouncing, and trying to remember *names*, and if I haven't a "brain storm" in the near future it will be solely because I have so little respect for Mr. Thaw, the seeming originator of them; and should you ask me about now how I feel, I should reply: "All *feet* tonight, thank you," but very light hearted and thankful to be considered a resident of adorable Honolulu—and isn't it lovely when good, plain, sensible people come to us and thank us for so quickly learning to love their city, and insist that they, and not we, are to be congratulated? This from some could have no weight, but from those who have said it we take it as a compliment and thank them.

Are you growing anxious to know what is number two on my list of "three"? Tomorrow morning we leave the house at seven thirty to go down to meet the boat from the coast, because we learn that it has, as two of its passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Pancoast of Germantown. As I know them quite well; we feel that we are going to meet friends from home, as well as being able to show to a part of Philadelphia some of the wonders of this Island. We will first bring them to the Cathedral, where the boys' and the girls' schools meet at eight forty-five for morning prayer (and a sight worth seeing that is!); then the Bishop will join us in our car, and we will proceed to show the guests the mission work being done in this city under our Bishop's direction. We repair here for lunch at twelve, and at one thirty start off again to show them some of the

scenery and other wonders here. Mrs. Restarick will be with us for lunch and the afternoon.

And now to the third point, my brethren: On Saturday we leave, at three o'clock, with the Bishop and one of his dear teachers whom I have invited to join us, for the Island of Maui. It is a six-hour boat trip on one of the fine Inter Island line of boats. We are due to arrive at Lahaina at nine o'clock. There a motor is to await us to carry us to Wailuku, where is to be found the best hotel the Island affords—it is a twenty-five-mile run and we hope to make it by ten thirty. Sunday we are to go with the Bishop on all his rounds of services and confirmations, and accept the hospitality of different people whose friends have written them that we were coming. On Monday we motor all day in the mountains, returning to our boat before she sails at midnight, landing us here again at seven Tuesday morning. Now that doesn't read "exciting" at all, but it is to me the realization of a dream I have had ever since coming here. At least a week, or perhaps two, should be given to this trip, but I haven't been willing to close up shop for so long a time and depart from our haven of joy and rest without seeing Maui, so when the Bishop suggested this short trip I hailed it with delight and am crazy to go. All plans are made, and I am leaving three lovely teachers to run the house, with the help of my wonderfully competent corps of servants, and these teachers are ready to devour me for thinking of giving them such a lovely treat.

Little did I suppose when I started this letter and told you what we were *going* to do, that I shouldn't get it off until I could tell you what we *did* do. I find that the motto, "Well begun is half done," does not apply to these letters. They are so long in the waiting that I may tell the same tale twice in one letter without knowing it—

and there is no telling how far I may get now, for very soon I must dress to go out to dinner, even if no other interruption occurs. But I will make one more attempt, so you can never say I did not try to write. My fountain pen isn't working well, and I find this isn't copying well, so I hardly know what to do, though I know it is a poor mechanic that blames his tools, but good or bad has nothing to do with it when a fountain pen won't feed.

I have received ten more callers this afternoon, and am wondering how I shall succeed in returning all the calls that these charming people are so generous in making. It keeps me busy, but I do enjoy them all, and I feel so well acquainted here now, but I am wondering how well I will have remembered all their names when I return.

We met our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pancoast, last Friday, according to the program I outlined to you, and they were quite overwhelmed at seeing familiar faces on the dock. The good husband confessed to having advised the good wife not to take it too seriously for fear we might be down there only to meet some one else, but we were not, and the sight of them seemed to take us home for a day. I can't begin to tell all we did on that day from eight until five, when their boat sailed, but it was enough, so that they have the Honolulu fever and feel that they would like to come back to live. They have promised to come back for a week on their return in November, and Mrs. Restarick will entertain them, as we will not be here at that time.

Now I must tell of our trip to Maui, the second largest of these islands. Time forbids my writing in detail, but you will be interested to know that the natives, their homes, the towns, and scenery over there are exactly what I had *expected* to see here, and though I enjoyed every minute, I come back thankful to be a resident of Honolulu!

MOANALUA PARK

HONOLULU

The scenery on Maui is wonderful, in some respects surpassing that of Oahu (this Island), for there are wonderful and truly beautiful cascades and rapids, and one valley is unlike anything we have ever seen, and is a never-to-be-forgotten picture. We hope in the future to go over and spend some time there.

Mt. Haleakala is 10,000 feet in height, and is more beautiful than we saw it, for we had a rainy visit.

As an illustration of native life, let me tell you that next door to the place where we had tea there lives, in a three-room house, a family of twelve grown people and fourteen children. Only two of the family were earning, and yet, in spite of everything, they were all happy. They live principally on raw fish and poi, the latter being beaten from the native vegetable, taro.

I also had the pleasure of meeting one happy-looking, cheerful mother of twenty-three children; another of seventeen, and there are many that have nine and twelve.

We enjoyed three confirmation services (the Bishop had a fourth), and found very interesting the clergy, the churches, the choirs, and the congregations. All of the attendants were cleanly and neatly dressed, most of the women wearing holokus, our "Mother Hubbard."

The more I see of the Hawaiians, the more I respect and even admire them. So much for a brief account of a brief visit to Maui.

We came home at seven Tuesday morning. In the afternoon I received ten callers and did some writing. At seven we left to have dinner out at Fort Ruger with Captain Phisterer. Needless to say, we had a very enjoyable evening. We met there General Davis (retired), who is loved in these islands and well known elsewhere.

Now from today (Thursday) until Sunday I am to be a trained nurse, for we have brought here from the hospital

Miss Davis, the Bishop's secretary, who underwent an operation nine days ago. She is not helpless, but weak and needing quiet, good rest, food, and air, and freedom from hospital environment. We can give her all she can possibly use of all these right here in our cozy home. She has the first floor bedroom and bath, and will enjoy it because she boards in town, away from the sight and sound of the sea, and does enjoy the life at the beach.

I remind you that we leave here on June third, and are very loath to do so, but we anticipate a lovely summer of three months in an auto seeing California, and then the trip eastward that will lead us to family and friends, and we are so continually reminded in the mail of the welcome that awaits us there that we shall be very glad to welcome ourselves back in Philadelphia. *But*—I very much fear that we will talk Honolulu so much that the same ones who welcome us home will gladly help us to go away again, for I feel sure we will never again be content with an indoor life.

Our last two weeks here will be crowded, for apart from all our outside engagements, we are giving two luncheons and three dinners in the next week, though with such fine help that won't be hard.

My lovely, good-natured cook only smiled on me when I told him this morning I wanted 300 jumbles made before twelve o'clock, and he made them, and twenty-five more, and on time, and never a word except to say: "I use planty eggs, sugar, and flour for so many." Did we eat them all in one meal? Dear me, no; I took them to the grounds where the Priory girls were having their annual picnic, and their surprise and enjoyment, in addition to their love for me, made us very happy; they certainly are a dear lot of girls.

Everything is wonderfully beautiful now (though that is nothing new), for there are many flowering trees here,

several of which are in full bloom now: there is the plumeria, royal poinciana, golden shower, pink shower, jacaranda, and others—such sights one must come *here* to see.

The convention of this diocese opens here on May 30th. We are much interested in it, and sorry we shall not be here through the whole session.

Our love, and Mizpah to all!

A LETTER WRITTEN AT SEA

THE first thing I must tell you is that we are still, or again, a bride and groom, the only difference being that originally they couldn't catch us, and today they did!

Well, we have started, but I can't begin to paint for you with anything like distinct outlines the picture of our sailing, for the departure of any large passenger boat from Honolulu has elements of picturesqueness never to be seen perhaps in any other port, and certainly it is a sight never to be forgotten, and if the "Bairds" are not sailing, as they were on this boat, there are sure to be other "celebrities"!

The custom of putting leis around the necks of departing friends is a truly beautiful one. These wreaths are made, not of paper alone, but of colored paper in combination with real leaves and fresh flowers, and the color scheme is a marvel, especially when the different colors and shades are so many that it is impossible to count them.

The confetti ribbons of all colors are also beautifully effective as they are thrown by the passengers to the friends left behind: those on the deck catch one end, the other being held by the passenger on board, and the ship stands bound by these multicolored cords until she begins to move, when these thousands of ribbon papers snap apart with a curious sound.

Another pretty custom is that of the passengers throwing back to their friends the flower leis that had been given them. It is quite a feat to throw them so that they hit the one aimed at, instead of falling on some one else or into the water.

The day on which we started was perfect, though it is hardly necessary to remark this—those who are so fortunate as to know beautiful Honolulu and its wonderful climate know that *all* days are "perfect" there.

As to the numbers that throng to see a ship sail—it would be nearly impossible to count them; but I feel sure you would be interested to know that between forty and fifty came to say "Aloha," and to bring flowers and parting gifts to this "bride and groom," and though this bride can't see others off without using a handkerchief, there seemed no opportunity for it when departing on this trip, for, what with hand-shaking, kissing, receiving of gifts, and last, but *not* least, posing for pictures, there was no time. Some of the pictures were taken on my camera and I am so anxious to see what I looked like that I fear this dear short one week, or rather, six days, will seem very long to wait.

I cannot tell you much about the throng that saw us off, for you know so few of them, but I can say that, as you may recall, three girls of the Priory met us with the Bishop four months ago, and three were excused from school to see us off. Though I may not have written much about them, I am free to confess that these 100 girls and their future have a great hold upon my heart. I am glad that I have been enabled to be much to them in four short months, and I hope to be more to them for the rest of my life. It is in dear Honolulu that I have learned to love and admire Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese, and all the girls in the Priory are mixtures of these and other races and peoples, many of them being half white; and if I told you about Irene Davison, who started on March 11th to leave the Islands for the first time to go alone to St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco, to become a trained nurse, you will be glad to know that another of the girls,

Rose Cummings, leaves Honolulu as soon as she graduates this month, to go and be with Irene and learn the same profession. My heart is very full of interests among *individuals* in our new home, and since to help the *one*, rather than the masses, has always been my ambition, I feel that I have been sent here to do a real work, and I hope to do much and prove my appreciation of a new lease on life and health.

I think I started to tell you about some who saw us off, but quickly became engrossed in my favorite subject, the "Priory girls," and branched off—I simply wish to add that the dear Bishop and his wife were surely there.

Another thing that pleased us greatly was the sight of the visiting clergy and their wives, who were there from the other islands attending Convocation, for though we had seen their work and been much interested in it, and had entertained them at luncheon in our home, we could not fail to be surprised to see them at the ship.

Our trip promises to be a fine one, and it seemed very nice to be known by name to the officers and stewards. Our beautiful room is all we could wish, and the food seems better even than on the former trip. We know quite a number on board, but I am so delinquent with my writing, and so tired after my strenuous life of the last few weeks, that I feel few will see me much, for I do need a rest and can get it here, if anywhere, and as we leave San Francisco two days after our arrival there, to start on our motoring trip, we wish to be in good condition. Our first trip is to be into Yosemite Valley, and we are taking with us a dear friend who works day and night and has not had a vacation in six years, and has always longed to see the Valley, so that gives us great joy—the being able to share our pleasures. We never ride out alone, but can always find some one who is glad to go,

and in that way our car is a blessing as well as a pleasure. It has interested me to discover that many not so fortunate as to be able to travel labor under the impression that those who do travel do so for such selfish reasons as to avoid all philanthropic work and seek personal pleasure only. The truth is that any one inclined to do for others has a much broader field when traveling, for they can scatter seeds that may spring up and grow in many parts of the world, while the work at home is apt to run in too much the same channel, and to make and allow recipients to *depend* on others, to their own weakening.

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Today, June 4th, high sea awnings are up. Some are sick on board, but most seem very well and enjoying the sea. This is a very steady boat, and the officers are all very pleasant. I am still lazy, but am getting some writing and reading done.

I wrote you last that I had taken Miss Davis from the hospital to stay with us three days, so you will be interested to know that she liked Dr. Baird and her home and care so well that Doctor had her stay eleven days, or up to June 1st, and she gained much and was very happy. We arranged for her to spend the next two weeks in two nice homes, and then she hopes to be strong enough to go back to the Bishop's office. She was a very nice patient.

I managed to return all my calls except those made the last ten days, and it was understood that I could not do that while I was being a doctor, a nurse, and a housekeeper, as well as a packer; but with luncheons and dinners, several of each, I was able to show my appreciation of all hospitality we had enjoyed, so I believe I leave in good repute, and I know that many strong friendships await our return.

I have, I believe, won the hearts of my fine cook and his wife, so that they have promised sure to return to us in January. With them at the engine and me at the helm it is not hard to keep house, but a joy; in fact, we have had so much real pleasure out of our home that I fear hotel life again will be nearly unbearable.

DURING OUR STAY IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

WE HAVE arrived and are well. I just wish to add a few lines and get this off. Some forty pieces of mail awaited us here; I had written thirty-one letters besides this one in my six days on the ship, and now I am in debt again! But it is the kind of debt that doesn't get one into jail, and is, I find, often excused by lenient family and friends.

One friend met us on our arrival. As the boat was coming in I was where I could not be seen from the wharf, but this perfectly good American said she knew there was only one American flag in the hands of any passenger, and she knew that one would be "Elizabeth"—and it was.

Our room here is a bower of flowers: American Beauty roses, azaleas, sweet peas—my! but I'm a fortunate girl. However, all the attention I receive only helps make me more careful to be thoughtful of others, so don't think I am being spoiled. Just for fun I am going to quote from one letter of greeting that came from Honolulu on our arrival here: "I hope there are those in San Francisco to welcome your coming somewhere nearly as much as your going will be mourned here"—now isn't that "going some" for only four months' acquaintance and friendship?

It is *cold* here, while you are baking; and the sight of furs and ulsters makes us long for dear Honolulu, where one never shivers and never bakes.

The Yosemite Valley roads are not yet open to private cars, so we do not leave here until Saturday, the thirteenth. We are anticipating a wonderful trip, and will be glad to leave this cold.

My "few lines" seem to be increasing to a second letter; but you know how I enjoy telling you everything, both foolish and sensible, and that reminds me that, for the benefit of those who have been writing thusly: "You look immense!" "you look so thin!" "you certainly aren't any thinner"—I wish to put you all right by saying that I have not gained a pound, but am, I believe, just ten pounds lighter than when I left home, so *see?* But just remember that in photos much depends upon the focus and upon the white clothes worn.

Our anniversary day will be passed without a "real party," for we will be at Stockton, and perhaps on the road a part of the day. But a friend is making this trip with us, and we will talk of the subject and *eat* to its honor. As to my usual gift from my Lover, this year it is our new home, and I feel that is a rather special gift for a "three-year-old." We will enjoy it together, and "anniversary" means more in that word "together" than it could be made to mean by any individual gifts and thoughts.

Today we have had Irene Davison, the Honolulu girl who came here to study nursing, out riding, and tomorrow she is coming here to see us and our pictures.

It won't be long now until we are in your midst, for the summer will fly so fast, and so will the fall.

While I am writing now John is out at a Brotherhood meeting and luncheon.

Tata, and Mizpah!

ANNIVERSARY DAY AND SUNDAY

We left San Francisco at nine twenty yesterday, and it was warmer when we left than we had ever known that city to be—but that doesn't mean torrid at all!

The regular ferries do not carry autos or teams any more except after nine in the evening, so we went across the Bay on a freight boat, and were the better part of an hour getting across; that is, from the time we got on the boat until we get off—the actual crossing took just somewhat more than a half-hour. To those who are accustomed to crossing the Delaware in three minutes, the crossing of the Bay here always seems like a boat trip, for the fastest time that a ferry makes is eighteen minutes, but at night it is worth while, for San Francisco, with its numerous hills and myriads of lights, makes a beautiful picture.

We stopped to see the California Nursery yesterday. We had a letter to the wife of the Superintendent. They took us among the magnolias that are—and have been for a year—boxed ready to send over to the fair grounds. They had already shipped the palms, each weighing 50,000 pounds (no, I am not mistaken!). They were planted in boxes and stood upright on freight cars. We were given photographs of them, and will show you how they looked. Of course, we saw many plants, but as this is quite an off season, we could not see anything at its best. Mr. and Mrs. Eberle were very kind, and we enjoyed it all, and have an invitation to spend a whole day there some time. This nursery is at Niles, and there we found a very good lunch in a very nice small hotel before starting for Stockton. The day was hot, and we had one puncture. We are not over-enthusiastic about the car or the man, though he understands his car, so we feel *safe*. We expect to do a lot of map reading and try not to miss anything.

We have come through a part of the state where Olga had spent girlhood summers; though she had not seen it for twenty-three years, she remembered many points of interest and told some reminiscences, one of which was

about their enjoyment of swimming until a water-snake appeared—then no more of that sport. Another was when she and a group of girls helped themselves to cherries off of a tree, she eating as she picked, and the others all saving theirs in their hats, until a wagon stopped outside the fence of this detached farm, and the farmer ordered every hat emptied into his cart, and threatened to take them before a constable, but only looked lovingly on this dear innocent child who apparently hadn't stolen any cherries, while she was glorying in the fact that she had hers where she couldn't give them up!

Our rooms in this hotel—The Stockton—are very nice. The food is quite good, and here we stay until tomorrow morning. We went to "our" church at eleven and enjoyed a good sermon. The distance to the church was three blocks, so we decided to walk it. It proved so *hot* that we stood in danger of melting. The heat seemed to rise from the pavement and hit us in the face. Once back again, we remained in until three and then went to ride to get cooled off. We started to Lodi, fifteen miles away, and had two punctures in an amazingly short space of time, wasted an hour, and returned to the hotel quite discouraged, for we knew the worst was yet to come. We had a "heart to heart talk" with our man, and gave him cash for new and thorough equipment, and were promised "no more trouble."

MONDAY

Left Stockton at seven fifty-five, planning to reach our destination, the Park, late in the afternoon, but alas! we had not figured on mountain driving, fording streams (eleven, large and small), meeting teams and cars on roads built for one car only, hot engine, etc., etc.—so at two o'clock we stopped at Coulterville hotel for lunch, and

there we heard the joyful (?) news that the Park road would not open to cars until *Wednesday*, but that if we wished to run farther and so be nearer our goal we could do so by staying all night at McCauley's—"a large house, good enough for anybody." That seemed quite cheerful, for though where we were was "plenty large," it was *not* "good enough for anybody," and didn't appeal to these "bodies" at all, so we decided at once in favor of "McCauley's." When we reached there at five o'clock our hearts went down to the depths, for what did we see but a rude hut, with two untidy-looking women lounging on the porch and dogs barking in the yard. But as this is a part of one's experiences in motoring, we begged for accommodations for the night—there was nowhere else to go. The dear lady didn't enthuse a bit, but said no, she didn't take boarders except to accommodate folks sometimes, and as she had just rented her best room, she could only fix us up something if we would be content with what she could arrange. Of course we said: "Oh, yes, anything will do." One couch in the parlor became a bed, and we got one bedroom—the man slept in the car—and let me tell you that *dirt* was more plentiful in that house than anything else. I truly believe I never saw so much filth in so small space in my life. But the beds were made up for us specially and seemed quite clean, so we slept. The food was quite fair, and she washed the table-cloth and napkins after we got there. At seven fifteen she called us in to dinner, on a wet but ironed table-cloth. The napkins made one think of wash-rags as they were put to the lips, but they were clean, and that was much to be thankful for. There were flies and mosquitos enough to populate a town, which we were told would all go to bed at nine, and to our great surprise they *did!*

So much for the lady who had thought that all of California was like the southern part—she has surely "had her eyes opened." When touring, it is quite a dangerous condition to have one's mind trained to require cleanliness and good food.

Though we had been, and were being, told that the Park roads would not be opened to cars until Wednesday, I insisted upon going from the dear McCauley palace straight to the gates, and felt sure we could persuade the Major to open them to us after telling him where we had spent one night, and would have to spend another if he didn't let us through, so at nine thirty we were off, and after riding until noon over thirty per cent. grades on a single road with an occasional team to pass, we reached the gate, and there we had our aspiration to be the first car through crushed when we were told that nineteen had been admitted that morning because some of them had been there days without food or beds. At twelve forty, after testing the car-brakes, etc., we drove into the famous Yosemite Valley.

Upon entering we were handed so many pamphlets of instructions and rules and regulations that must be enforced that we weren't sure we would not be jailed before night. When told we would be restricted in speed to an average of six miles an hour, we made up our minds to an unpleasant "crawl"; but when we saw the road and its grade, we became quite reconciled, and there was so much to see that we lowered the top and sat content to take in at leisure the sight of the wonders that surrounded us on every side, and only quote here what we have said to each other, so that you will not expect me—poor *me*—ever to describe what we see here: "One could never say there is no God while gazing at all this," and, "As for words, they fail me, I can only think."

We passed Bridal Veil and Cascade Falls, and many peaks of importance that we were unable to name, but quite able to see and to admire. We soon decided that we would not stop at any of the many camps, but try to get into the Sentinel Hotel—"try," because we had soon learned that many excursions and thousands of people had entered on the trains and nearly all available space was taken. With our usual good fortune we were just in advance of another train-load, and secured very comfortable rooms, not in the main building, but in one of the cottages just across the road. As they extended their dining-room by using a lanai (they all laugh because I won't say "porch"), I put in a plea that we might eat out there, and so we do, continually hearing, as we dine, the rush of the waters of the Merced River, and being able to gaze upon Yosemite Falls. It is a wonderful setting—quite too fine to be congruous with the ordering and eating of just plain meat and potatoes, canned vegetables, and pie! But even these are of good quality, and are truly relished after such walks and rides. Upon our arrival we had tea served on the lanai outside of our rooms, because we had had no luncheon except jumbles, figs, and nuts, which the blessed lunch kit had guarded for us. That evening we merely took a stroll in the direction of the falls and retired early in good beds, in clean rooms, and sent up praises and thanksgivings that we had not *waited* for "Wednesday"!

WEDNESDAY

We all had a good night, and didn't hurry getting started out, but at nine thirty went off to walk to Mirror Lake. It is scheduled as five miles there and return, and we all felt quite ambitious to walk it, but we hadn't included in our calculations the heat and dust and lazy muscles, so

Olga was the only one of us who actually carried out the original contract, and she returned with swollen hands and feet and joined us in declaring the distance *must* be more than "five miles." Following this strenuous attempt, after a rest and lunch, we all indulged ourselves in doing as we pleased all afternoon. As for me, I wrote until I saw double!

Each evening we walk, so this evening we went through the art studios, shops, etc., and then retired early, having spent a very pleasant day.

THURSDAY

I proudly write the day of the week, thus proving to myself that I know it, for it is a difficult thing to keep track of in a life like this.

Lest you may be wondering how I think this Valley compares with Yellowstone Park or Grand Canyon, let me say right here that each one is so distinctively different that there is no way of making any possible comparison. This is decidedly different in size, colorings, and scenic effects, but it is no less interesting and beautiful. One should not suppose for one minute that, having seen one, he had seen all, but should certainly see all three to be able to enjoy them by contrast.

Today we have been quite active, for we were called at five forty-five, were over at breakfast at six thirty, and were ready at seven to start off in the mountain wagon to see Mirror Lake by sunrise. It is so named because of the wonderfully clear reflections in it of Mt. Watkins, of the trees surrounding it—in fact, of everything in the vicinity. We drove on from there to Happy Isles, where we saw the Merced River in a boiling condition, a sight never to be forgotten. Even to those of us who had seen

Niagara this seemed a new and wonderful sight. These islands are within walking distance of the hotel, and many go there picnicking, enjoying their meals in the woods and beside this awful rush of waters. We left the stage here and started on the trail that leads to Glacier Point. Our objective was Vernal Falls, which was said to be only three-quarters of a mile distant. By the time we had climbed half way we felt we had done a good *mile*, but on we went, taking frequent rests by the wayside, until presently we felt the cooling air from the falls and knew we were near. Then we heard the distant sound of them, and then, Oh, then, we *saw* them! And *such* a sight! It is only one more of the many that must be seen to be appreciated and understood, for it is surely beyond description. Our walk back was down hill, and the "three-quarters of a mile" seemed a more truthful and accurate estimate.

We then went down to the foot of Yosemite Falls, from where we could see them so much more vividly than from the hotel. It is unusually beautiful just now—indeed, that is true of all the falls here now, for they had a few very hot days and the water overflowed the river.

We returned to the hotel at eleven to rest until twelve o'clock lunch, which we ate as though we hadn't seen food for days. In the afternoon I wrote while the rest did as they pleased, and everybody was perfectly happy.

Between three and four I saw the stage arrive from Big Trees, but paid no attention to its passengers. In a half-hour, however, I discovered charming, darling "Mrs. Shearman," whom I had met first in Honolulu and again on the ship coming up, so she and her friend have become members of our party for the rest of our stay here.

In the evening we all visited several studios, seeing what I consider real art, for if there is anything that makes

fine, inspiring pictures, it is the trees, falls, and mountains of Yosemite.

The air is "*lovely*," and it was not very hot today. It is surprising the number of people there are here. Every possible available space is used—I hear a couple now complaining that the two had tried to sleep last night on a single bed and had had no sleep, and insisting upon a mattress on the floor if no other room can be found. The stages leave just as full as they come or the Valley wouldn't hold the people. It is remarkable how many come in by auto, a large number of them bringing their own camping outfit. Some of them are quite comfortably fixed, but we prefer the house and its conveniences. When taking these stage rides (no private car can be used in the Valley), one surely sees human nature and has a chance to study character! It is very interesting, but it inclines one to choose his own company!

FRIDAY

Today, except for a nice walk early in the morning, when we went off to the Indian Village to take pictures and found every soul but one away picking berries (and that dear soul—a man—doing the family washing), we have done just as we pleased—a game, a walk for Olga, and yours truly swinging the pen. Rain has fallen in showers, so we are glad we had no definite plans and feel sorry for those who are out on the trails.

I have had fairly good luck with my pictures, but am mailing Mr. Pilsbury's photo cards instead—no time for reprints of mine, and he has many that I can't get—*because* I am too old to ride a donkey. Isn't it awful for such a *young* child to have to make such an acknowledgment?

Mizpah, till next time!

LOS ALTOS

JULY 4

Though I know I should write the "ancient history" of the past two weeks, I am going to start out with the things of the present, and tell you of our day in the country *today*. We picked up Dr. Spencer and her friend this morning and left at seven fifty, in the car, for a thirty-five mile run into the finest part of this state that we have seen yet. You may know how fine I think it when I tell you I am willing to acknowledge that it compares favorably with Honolulu as to scenery. We came straight to Doctor's bungalow and twenty-acre farm that she has provided for her "old age." It is located on top of a hill, which is itself nearly surrounded with hills and yet has a view of the Bay. The first thing we did after opening the house was to get out into the orchard, and there we picked apricots and inspected peach trees and other fruit trees, and then, while Doctor strayed off on other inspections, we prepared apricots for preserves and pared apples for "real apple sauce." After lunch we got some beautiful plums ready for the preserving kettle, and Doctor thinks us very industrious guests, but we are simply having the time of our lives. She has just brought in elderberries and is surely preparing for "*some*" work, but it is so beautifully cool and pleasant here that work becomes fun. Black oaks shade the whole yard and house. She had said before we came that I could spend the day in the hammock, but I say *never!* in this beautiful place.

We go back to the hotel tonight to attend to some packing, etc., and return here tomorrow to take the two dear ladies home. They, being both physicians, have no time but week-ends—and not always that—to enjoy this spot, but they are anticipating a happy future here.

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Back in San Francisco! Couldn't get my mind on writing down there today—was having too good a time. We were all so busy with our woman's work that my poor husband looked lonely, so we all had a laughable, enjoyable game, and then we played until time to start back. Made the run in two hours, reaching here at seven thirty. The weather was perfect, and many picnic parties took advantage of it, and how thankful we are we didn't even have a puncture! We passed a number of cars stalled on the road, some of which looked as though they might stay there indefinitely.

I said my mind was not on writing this afternoon: did you therefore infer that it is this evening? You are quite mistaken if you did—the only thing in my mind now is a desire to *sleep*. After a day spent out-of-doors I am never normal mentally at night. This is one of the times, however, when I must not look at the bed, but instead at this book, for I shall have no time for writing tomorrow, and we leave Monday morning early for a three weeks' auto trip north, in this state, and on up to Grant's Pass, Oregon, returning via Red Bluff, Sacramento, and Lake Tahoe, and we are anticipating a lovely trip through a lovely country.

And now back to Yosemite Valley, to try to give you an idea of some of the wonders we saw in our second week there!

I am not certain, but am under the impression that I closed the last letter on June 19, so I will start with—

JUNE 20

Olga left at seven o'clock to join a party going on mule back to Glacier Point, going up by the long trail and returning by the short one. When I tell you that the latter is less than half the length of the former, you will not be surprised to know that she was glad to *walk* half of the

way down, rather than get dizzy on her mule and roll all the way down! She surely is the right kind to take such trips (while this old lady stays on the level and off of mules), for she came home at six o'clock just as fresh as when she went off. We contented ourselves with two short walks, then the "scribe" got busy for a few hours, and at one thirty started off on a coaching trip to new Inspiration Point, which is 4930 feet above sea level, showing that in two hours we had climbed 1000 feet. The road was narrow, but not very rocky nor dangerous, and we nearly coasted down and enjoyed every minute of the trip. Had a lovely view of El Capitan and the lone pine that grows on the side near the top. The actual rainbow on Bridal Veil Falls was one sight never to be forgotten; it lasted about a half-hour. The meadow, and Merced River below us, were beautiful. The peaks known as "The Three Graces," "Sentinel Rock," and above it "The Dome" and "The Three Brothers," are very interesting and distinctive, no two being alike.

In the evening, after a short walk, we all decided that—"To bed, to bed, Thou sleepy head" was a quotation aptly applied to ourselves, so we obeyed its injunction and were soon in dreamland.

SUNDAY IN YOSEMITE

Until we entered the dear little chapel at eleven there was nothing to remind one that this day was different in any respect from any other day, but every seat was filled and there had been advertised only a service of "quiet hour," in other words, "Quaker Meeting"; Mr. Allen, a minister of the "Friends" was the preacher. It was a pleasant surprise that they did not have any "wait until the Spirit moves" meeting, but were moved to conduct a

pleasing service, opened with a prayer, read two lessons, sang several hymns and a solo. The address was by Mr. Allen on the subject of Peace. I think every one felt better for having attended that service, which was the only one in the Valley. The interior, exterior, seats, and all furnishings of this unique little chapel were made from wood cut in the Valley. A white sheet covered the altar, and the collection box was a piece from the limb of a tree with a square place dug out of the center, that forming a basket or box, and this was nailed on to an ax-handle. The real simplicity made one appreciate that effort and not money had made it possible for us to have that service.

I spent the afternoon back of my pen. I must tell you a thrilling story I have heard. It is a really true one, and not one to amuse you either: Some time ago, during an electric storm in the mountains here, *seven* animals, horses and mules, were instantly killed, and though their riders were all on their backs at the time, not one of them even received a shock. Now I hear some one asking, How *could* that be? I remind you, please, that the animals were all shod, and that fact and Providential interference are the only known ways of accounting for such a marvel.

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Perhaps you are laboring under the impression that "tourists" are lazy—retire early and rise late. Let me enlighten you by telling you that today again did we rise at five forty and have breakfast at six twenty; now when have you done so well? Yes, I left by stage at seven for another view and attempt at some pictures of Mirror Lake, and this time I was in time to see the sun rise, and it *was* wonderful! I took with me Miss Anderson, of Philadelphia, and enjoyed being the first one to show her the wonders there and at Happy Isles, and she did appreciate everything to the full.

Not wishing to take the Vernal Falls trip a second time, I coaxed a driver to bring me back without waiting for the walkers, so I returned at nine thirty, and though I was not expected before the regular trip at eleven, I found my husband waiting for me on the porch, and he only said he thought I might get back sooner. Isn't it nice to be waited for?

After getting some mail off we visited the Jorgenson studio, and came back in time for a rest before having an early lunch, for today we are to leave at twelve thirty for Glacier Point—and Oh, my! could you have seen me hop out into the road and climb the hub, spokes, and tire of that front wheel and slip into the seat by the driver, you would not think me so ancient, or, what is worse, so corpulent. It did not take Olga long to be seated beside me, for we had agreed that we must have that seat in order to be able to see all and ask all the questions we wished to ask—and what we said *had* to go, even though others had had the same plans. We quietly said to ourselves, "If they want to get ahead of the Baird party they must keep moving!"

Had we gone up the side of the mountain, our trip would have been four miles, but by the stage route it is twenty-six miles, over rough, narrow, and steep-grade roads. In that many miles and in seven and a half hours we climbed nearly 4000 feet. We had four horses to do the pulling, and the dust was the worst I have ever seen. I held one of my husband's handkerchiefs over my nose and mouth for the entire trip. We forded some small streams, and we went "bumpity bump!" all the time, but consider it one of the finest trips we have ever taken. The wild flowers, scenery, forest, snow-capped mountain (in fact, we rode right beside snow, and one week before the road had been impassable because of snow), lights and shadows, and

falls—all kept our interest constantly absorbed. We were cold and hungry when we arrived at our destination, nor, should I forget to say, tired as well: we were *very* tired, but nevertheless we would advise any one to take the same trip if unable to ride up on mule back.

Wild lilacs, forget-me-nots, azaleas, dogwood, and other flowers added greatly to the color effect. There were also wild-cherry trees and many "snow plants," which, in general form, remind one of our hyacinth, but they are deep scarlet in color.

There was much fun over "Widow's Tears Falls," just a small quantity of water falling slowly, and so named because they dry up in six weeks!

We saw three wild deer. It seems sad to see so many crooked and fallen young trees; this is due entirely to the heavy snows.

Now, are we not good travelers to endure all this hard trip and not feel the effect of the unusual elevation—7214 feet? We think we are, and I think I was a tin soldier to sleep, as I did, uncomplainingly on a bed with only a thin pad thrown over its spiral springs. Though scraping my shin bones on the spring every time I moved, I lay there feeling sorry for others, since we each at least had a bed, and I supposed it was the best that dear little hotel could furnish, and any way it was worth paying *some* penalty—the privilege of being up there at all. When I spoke of conditions to the others of our party in the morning, I was surprised that they could not understand what I was talking about, as they had found their little beds entirely comfortable. Later it was discovered that they had each had a mattress on their springs, but that my mattress had been taken off to make a bed on the floor for some people who had come up to that little doll house without making reservations. Then I felt like a martyr,

or a real Christian, at having shared my bed with a stranger!

You must be tired reading through so many pages of trash hunting for some sense and some points of interest, but you know it is my style to tell it all.

We rose at four forty-five (yes, it's true!) to see the sun rise and cast its glow upon these snow-capped mountains, but, alas! it didn't "cast," but just rose, so we and many were disappointed. Olga was the only one of us who did not slip back to bed for another "ten winks"; she had breakfast at six and walked off to Sentinel Dome, going another thousand feet higher—too much walking for us! I got out and took some pictures, and we walked out to, but not onto, the overhanging rock. At noon we lunched and went immediately after, in stages, to Wawona, another twenty-six miles, with the same driver and horses—just as dusty but an hour less time, as we were going down and not up. We arrived at five fifty, well ready to wash, dress, dine, and retire. This is the first real-looking "hotel" since we left the city, and it seemed good to see it. The approach to it is over a covered bridge that seemed quite quaint and "old fashioned." We found the South Fork of the Merced River beautiful. I think I haven't told you that we sent our car out the way we came in and around to Wawona to meet us—cars are not permitted on the stage roads. We did not see much here because it meant more long walks to do so. There is nothing very unusual to see, and after the Valley one needs some *great* attraction to move him to special effort.

Have I told you that "Yosemite" means Great Grizzly? That is said to have been the name of the Indian chief who was here when the Valley was discovered. There are none of the original tribes in the Valley now, and few of any tribe.

The next morning we started off in the stages at nine fifteen for an all-day trip to the Mariposa Big Trees. We ascended 3000 feet in nine miles, so I need not tell you that those four horses walked every step of the way there. They took us to see one of the finest bits of scenery in the world, but Oh, my! how a lover of autos hates to have to pity horses! This grove has 600 sequoias in it, and very ancient ones they are—of course, only the old ones are counted in the 600. The "Grizzly Giant" is the only one inclosed in wire fencing—this because of crazy souvenir hunters. It is 224 feet high, and is over six thousand years old—the oldest living thing in the world. It is estimated to contain a million feet of timber. The tree called "Columbia" stands 327 feet high. The one known as "The Fallen Monarch" is lying on one side, and is wide enough to have had a stage and eight horses driven onto it and stand there with comfort. We walked on it its whole length. The "telescope" tree is a marvel: it has been burned at the base (as many of these large trees have) and on up through the center without changing the shape of it, and as you stand on the ground under it and look up through it you can see the sky out of the top of it—yet it is still alive. All stages drive right through "California" or "Wawona" trees; it seems a wonderful thing to be able to do. We have seen the same thing done in the state of Washington.

This grove was discovered in 1857 by Galen Clark, and though many of the trees have been partially or wholly destroyed, none of it has been done since 1857. It is very surprising to see a tree with nearly the whole trunk destroyed and yet the upper part thriving and bearing new branches. The first tree seen by Mr. Clark is marked by what the driver calls a "monument": a rude heap or mound of stones said to have been placed there by Mr. Clark.

"Mariposa" means "butterfly," I believe.

The knots or burl of the sequoias are used to make souvenirs, and these can be purchased at the old Cabin.

All the trees of the 600 are named after cities, states, or prominent people. When we discovered "Hawaiian Islands," we gave three cheers, but when we spied "Honolulu," there was an awful roar from the Baird party! Of course the others think that we are Hawaiians born, but we did cheer for "Philadelphia" too.

We saw growing wild roses, iris, Indian plant, azalea, and the beautiful manzanita, a plant that has a red bud, then, after the flower, an ornamental berry; it is indeed beautiful. Many of the trees have a beautiful light-green moss growing over them, and it adds much beauty to the tree with its dark-colored wood. "Faithful Couple" is a curious tree. These trees grow as one for the first hundred feet, and then become two separate trunks, each bearing its own branches.

On the following day we rose at six o'clock and left at eight in our car for a 106-mile run to Merced on our way back to San Francisco. We stopped on the way to see Sugar Pine Mill, and were greatly interested to see it in operation. They employ 700 men, and flume the lumber sixty-five miles to Madera. The Superintendent considers the Chinese the most dependable and efficient labor he hires. In six months of each year they produce 40,000,000 feet of lumber, all of sugar pine. It is fascinating to see the machinery handle those massive trees more easily than I could lift a suit-case.

On the mountain road coming down out of the Sierras we had to make room for many teams, many of them having as many as ten mules and two horses pulling two or three wagons together: that method means one driver instead of two or more, but the blessed animals are still afraid of autos and we pitied them.

We stopped for lunch at a town called "Coarse Gold," but we saw only "coarse food," and had to leave without any kind of gold at all. It was a hard, hot trip, but through beautiful scenery. We stopped for the night at Merced and were comfortable.

As we had but a short run of seventy-one miles the next morning, we did not hurry our starting, but left at ten. We had a state road, and on the level, so found it much easier riding. Our way this day lay through orchard and vineyard districts, and we saw apricots growing in wonderful plenty. In the evening we enjoyed an hour on the roof-garden of the Stockton Hotel.

We left Stockton the next morning at nine o'clock for San Francisco, coming over the Dublin Grade route, and through plenty of heat, and arrived here at two o'clock, where, as usual, we find quantities of mail—including an anniversary gift.

June 28, Sunday, I took as a real day of rest, and did nothing except to write some after dinner. John went to the Cathedral for a five o'clock service and met several whom he knew.

Monday Mr. Shelby, a Brotherhood man, called and took up most of the morning. At one thirty we started off to go out to the Exposition grounds, to be present at the ground breaking for the Pennsylvania (no, *not* "Honolulu"!) building. And let me tell you things look like business out there, and the grounds will be beautiful. We cannot say we felt at home, notwithstanding our errand, for we didn't see a familiar face except one, who is connected with our Academy of Fine Arts and is in charge of the Arts Building at the Exposition. The speeches at this ceremony were all brief and very good. The two men sent out by Governor Tener are the same, I believe, who have had the commission for the other fairs. They

each made pleasing addresses—especially pleasing when Mr. King announced that the "bell" *is* coming. One of the speakers said he had always understood that to make a good speech you must get up, speak up, and shut up, but that it is mighty hard to do the latter when speaking of Pennsylvania *and* California.

Another California man said that though he was expected to speak about California, he was going to speak about Pennsylvania, for without that state there would be no California, for Pennsylvania was, and is, the mother of the flag that hangs over us—the mother of liberty, of the bell, of expositions, and of *baseball.* The last name, of course, brought forth a roar of applause.

There was a direct wire from Pennsylvania, and while the addresses were being made a message of greeting was received and read from Governor Tener.

A lady soloist sang very sweetly. She was the picture of my friend A. J. A., so we doubly enjoyed her. Our building is to hold no exhibits except the bell, but is to be for the pleasure and reception of any that may wish to enter its doors—and just now I remember that no doubt you have read all this in the papers, while as I wrote I thought I was telling you home news from a foreign shore!

And now I must give you the latest news, and that right quick, for I too must learn that having spoken up, I must shut up: We have ordered our car, and it is to be delivered in Philadelphia on September 15: a Peerless limousine, a seven-passenger, six-cylinder, forty-eight horse-power car, and a beauty. We are very happy to have taken another step toward home and dear Honolulu.

LAKEPORT, LAKE CO.

I was not able to get this off before leaving San Francisco on Monday morning. When one is packing for a three weeks' motor trip it takes time and thought. I haven't the ambition and enduring qualities that I have down "home," and that makes a difference with my writing.

I think I haven't told you anything about the car we are using. It is a Stearns, and not an easy rider, but a sixty-horse power, a chain drive, and a wonder for mountain work. The man is a *wonderful* driver. Everybody who sees him drive remarks about his ability, and we are just as safe with him as when in a hotel. He is always neat and clean, and is a gentleman. He is an Eastern man, and has driven nearly every good car that is made. This is his own car. His home now is in Pasadena. We secured him through a friend.

We are surely driving through beautiful country on this trip, but I will tell you about that in the next. I am writing now beside an open window at seven forty P. M., gazing out at mountains and this beautiful and very large Clear Lake. My! I wish you were all here to see for yourselves.

Our Aloha now to all, with a "Mizpah!"

THROUGH THE "REDWOODS"

I am merely beginning this here, for we leave at eight in the morning. You may or may not believe that "well begun is half done." I don't always think it is *half* done, but I realize it is a means toward that end.

And now I should like to tell you what we have *seen* the past week, but I can't—it is far beyond my ability to describe, but I can at least tell you where we have been.

First let me say that since June 13th we have had only four punctures, and those occurred the first two days near Stockton. That may not mean so much to you as to us, but the roads have been so rough that even though we started from Stockton with four new tires, and have not yet run their guarantee,—3500 miles,—we think they have done very well indeed.

We first crossed the Bay to Sausalito, and traced our road by the map, first seeing the beautiful hills over there, and soon coming quite near to beautiful Mt. Tamalpais, which you no doubt remember hearing me talk about before. Then on, over and around the hills, until we reached Santa Rosa for lunch. We went to an Italian restaurant that we had heard good reports of, and enjoyed some fresh young chicken—nothing else looked to be a "prize winner"!

In this district there are many hop fields—they are the only ones we recall having seen in this country. The sight of them carried us back in memory to England and the ride from Brighton Beach to Tunbridge Wells. Here they are poled only four or five feet, and it seems to me that the English ones were very much higher.

It is interesting to see the fine farming done by the Italian-Swiss colonies. They keep the soil in perfect condition, and grow principally grapes and hay, but also other products in small quantities.

We came into Cloverdale expecting to spend the night there at a good resort hotel, but they could not take us, and suggested that we go on to Ukiah to the Palace Hotel. They themselves phoned for accommodations, and found they could give us "suites with bath," so we cheered up and started off for another thirty miles. On city streets or state highways that distance would have meant very little, but on the road we were going over it meant that we

did not arrive until seven forty-five. The sight of the "Palace" made us faint at heart! The manager looked clean, but was so very corpulent that we were reminded of the saying: "Nobody loves a fat man," and when we entered we felt that, dusty as the car was, we would do better to sleep in it. But we were shown to our rooms, going to them on stairs from which one could have lifted the dirt with a tablespoon, and, alas! the rooms were little better, but the beds *seemed* clean, and we were so tired that we agreed to remain. One room had a window with the curtain, or shade, drawn. When I insisted upon the boy raising it to give us air, he did so reluctantly, for it opened into the hallway only. In the bureau drawer were a bottle of whisky and a horse-shoe, and back of the door a trunk, so that we expected a caller any time in the night. We had the whisky removed and were told that the owner of the trunk was in Europe. And now let me lead you to the dining-room: The linoleum on the floor was so mouldy that the sight and smell of it made us feel sick as we entered, and when we saw the food, we quickly forgot that we had just said that we were starved—and *this* is what we were to have for two meals! Be assured I dieted and my husband ate carefully. I think it useless to describe further this awful "Palace," but must tell you that I saw the beds we had occupied being made up next morning with our sheets not even taken off to be shaken, but an attempt made to smooth out the wrinkles. I felt like putting up signs along the road: "Avoid the dirt and don't stop at 'the Palace' at Ukiah!" You remember what I told you of McCauley's? Their house was quite cleanly as compared with this.

On this day, long to be remembered, we had made 125 miles. We were repaid for arriving late by seeing the glory of the sunset over the mountains.

The Russian River formed a pleasant part of the landscape on our way from Ukiah to Lake County to see the lakes. We saw Blue Lake while we were yet miles away from its banks. When we reached them we drove quite all around it until we found a resort where there is a small hotel, and swimming, boating, and outdoor games. It was too early for lunch, so we did not sample the food, but on to Laurel Dell, the second "blue lake," then another twelve miles to Lakeport on Clear Lake, and this is a beautiful sight to behold. All of the ride was beautiful, but this lake seemed a fitting climax, and the sight of its beauty made us decide to remain here overnight, though it was then only one o'clock. The Garnett Hotel here is small, but it has good rooms and good food, which was most refreshing after what we had endured the night before. One place on the lake is called Willow Point. There one can enjoy the full view of the water and be entirely in the shade—and how we did enjoy it!

A small boy here, about seven years of age, interested me greatly. He finally was persuaded to get into a boat and let me take his picture, and I hope by this means I can show him to you. He was intent on trying to fish, and after getting ideas and instructions from me he announced that he had for bait a piece of peach. When I told him he could do nothing with that, he solved the problem by saying he could use flies, and he knew where he could get any number, for a tent near by had lots of them about the food. When I left he was still trying to catch flies to fish with.

When we started on the next morning we had the pleasure of riding on the shore of this clear lake for three miles, and then for a while in sight of the upper lake. As the hills rise apparently right out of these lakes, they present a very attractive picture.

Our roads were good but narrow to Whittier Springs, a health resort where there is a fine hotel. We did not wish to tarry, so we saw only the buildings and the broad outlook from them and rode on, through beautiful scenery, fording the Dutch River several times. We passed many teams and cars on the narrow roads. We saw two deer on our way. At two twenty we arrived at "Willets," but found the dining-room closed until six P. M. The eight-hour labor law is hard on hotels and those who would use them at their convenience—so this day we went lunchless.

The next morning, which was July 9th, we rose at five forty in order to get an early start for an eighty-six mile run over and around the Mendocino Mountains. We made only nineteen miles the first two hours—you can judge of the roads from that! We had to back down a hill quite a ways to let one team pass. It was a fine man who made it possible to use these mountain roads at all, but all who ride over them wish he had made them wider.

A good part of the ride this day was through a lumbering district, and we saw many men at work and saw their camps, and felt glad we did not have to stay in so isolated a place. Many of the mountain peaks were snow-capped. We followed the "Eel" River for many miles. It is well named; though so small, it is very pretty because so well wooded. The colors and shadows on the mountains were perfect, and it keeps one busy trying to see all that is well worth seeing. We saw two more deer; stopped at Bell Springs for water, came through Harris, and then on to Fort Seward. Here we stopped, having a letter introducing us to the lady who is managing the beautiful hotel. Here too, we met several friends of Dr. Spencer, so we felt quite at home and were well cared for. It had been a hard ride all day, and we were thankful to find *good*

food and rooms. All rooms are small, so we insure ventilation by each using a room to himself.

We were up the next morning at six fifteen to make an early start again for another long hard run. We took some pictures before leaving, and we met here Mayor Mott, of Oakland.

We came through the Humboldt County redwood groves and found them quite wonderful in size, age, color, and beauty. Some of them seemed surely 100 feet at the base, and most of them taller than my eye could measure. Just offhand I should suppose that they would measure fifty feet at base, and some 225 feet in height. One of these beauties was responsible for a three-quarter-hour delay, for it had just been felled—to make room for the state highway—and lay right across our road. We watched the men saw it in two places and roll the middle piece off the road—rather I should say "crow-bar" it out of the way. We hadn't gone far when we came upon a steam hoist that filled the whole road, and we had to wait for them to get out of the way. Every hour lost means that much later arrival at our destination. These roads are very narrow and precipitous—grades *very* steep. Another delay was caused by the crossing of the river at Riodell on a ferry operated by a man pushing it along on a cable. Our car is so heavy, and these boats so weak looking, that we are always glad when we reach the other side in safety.

We made calls on some of Dr. Spencer's friends on our way to Eureka, stopping for this purpose at Alton, Hydesville, and Fortuna, and arrived at Eureka at six fifteen P. M. after a very fine and interesting day.

Eureka is a foggy Bay city—or, I should rather say, "town." We went out early in the morning to visit the "stump house." You will not understand that unless I

explain that this is a curio house, being the interior of part of a redwood tree. It is quite spacious, with its full-sized doors and high ceilings. You would need to be told that you were not in any regular room. In here are specimens of burl that have been cut from the redwoods. One slab is about 3 x 8 feet, and so beautifully marked that it looks more like a painting than a piece of wood. Do you know that these burls are only knots, or formations that grow on the side of the trunk, just as a branch might have grown? The wood of them is usually distinctively marked, such as some we have seen in which the grain of the wood looks like fern leaves, every marking of the leaf showing. At the stump house they have very curious pieces: one shows two figures face to face as though talking; it is named "The Neighbors"; another is a perfect fox; two pieces are a perfectly shaped pair of eyes; another is a perfect form of a human limb—and they even have a shoe and sock on it! Outside, hanging on another stump, is a burl dressed as a boy and called the "Watchman." It is quite realistic and exceedingly interesting. In a special room there are articles for sale made from burl, and some fine pictures of the trees. If you wish to see the burl frames and pictures I bought you must go to Honolulu, for we sent them there direct. They alone are worth a visit down there, and then, incidentally, you could see us and the home that shelters the pictures—and yours truly.

After the visit to the stump house we rode out to the park, and it *is* lovely; the redwoods are so stately and fine and the lake is charming. In it were some swans that entertained us, hoping we would throw them food. There is a real zoo here, and picnic grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, friends of Dr. Spencer's, called in the afternoon, and their call was a real pleasure to us.

The next day being Sunday, we went to Christ Church at eleven and enjoyed a very pleasant service. The congregation was small. The preacher has a more powerful voice than he is a powerful preacher.

We made two calls in the afternoon, and I got off twenty-five pieces of mail.

The climate of Eureka is not unlike that of San Francisco: cool, or cold, damp, and foggy. They say they have had an unusual amount of damp weather this year. As much as we dislike real hot weather, we prefer that to fog and damp.

We left Eureka at nine Monday morning for one of the most beautiful drives we have ever seen. We came over a narrow but good road to Orick, where we lunched. "Mad River" was very pretty from sections of our way, but for the most part the road lay along the coast front; however, it was high above the beach, so that we could look out over the sea for miles, and when it turns away from the sea, it is only to lead into a beautiful, heavily wooded forest, and though surrounded by heavy timber, we could still hear the rush and roar of the sea; then, in an instant, we were out again gazing into its blue deeps. Another attraction was the beautiful lagoons along the coast. We also saw beautiful wild flowers—mustard, in great abundance, roses, azaleas, and white daisies, and a host of blackberries.

Once, upon looking down on the beach, I was much surprised to see a perfect evergreen tree growing in sand, and practically surrounded by salt water, for there was a lagoon back of it.

The rock formations were beautiful, too; many of them remind one of the Seal rocks in the Bay at San Francisco.

Many of the wagons that passed us were filled with Indian families, and they always respond to a smile and

a greeting. These Indians speak English, and are not blanketed or painted, though they are full bloods. I believe there is a large reservation on the mountain near Orick.

The ferns along this route are even more superb than those of Fern Forest on the Island of Hawaii. Though there are not so many tree ferns, the variety is greater, and they seem more thriving, standing so erect and such beautiful green, some of them standing six feet in height —and all this, mark you! within sight or sound of the sea. We are charmed with the day's ride and its varied objects of interest.

Much of this beauty will be missed by those who tour California in the future, for they will likely go over the new and beautiful state highway. If they do they surely will ride in more comfort and safety, but will miss much as well as see much. And when I say "safety," I should tell you that we drove miles today through places where not even a dog could have passed us safely. You may be sure we were always glad not to see a team or car on those sections of the road. The grades are steep, and often the ascent, or descent, is on a sharp curve. Believe me, if we didn't have such an expert at the wheel we would never do such riding, for it is hazardous. But teams along the way, when we do meet them, certainly do make a way for the cars, and always take the outside without being asked. I have seen some of them in places over which I should refuse ever to drive a pair of horses, but so far none have come to grief, and no horses have done more than shy at our car.

I wish I could tell you how picturesque many of the old blown-over stumps are, entirely covered with beautiful growing fern. And again very often a new tree is to be seen growing out of an old stump. In many instances

these seem quite wonderful, for the stump is either out of the ground and you fail to see what the new tree is thriving on, or it is still standing where it always did, but is all burned from the ground, only the upper part of it being alive at all. I have seen the new trees standing out in any and all directions, but many of them exactly in the middle of the stump. I feel sure they will present a very artistic appearance when full grown.

We crossed the Klamath River in one of those weak-looking things called a ferry. The river was quite swift, and but for the launch that towed us and the cable that kept us in position I should much prefer being excused from crossing this river in a car. But don't be afraid, for by the time you take this trip (and it is paying little compliment to my descriptive powers if you are not scared) the bridges that are now under construction will carry you across securely.

We reached Crescent City by night, having made 102 miles that day. The last four miles we had the pleasure of riding on the beach, and the smooth riding was a joy after so much narrow and rocky road.

This city is named from its position on the Bay.

Our man was very tired after such a strenuous day, and we were all glad there was nothing in this country town exciting enough to prevent our resting all the morning—just enjoying the sight and air of the sea. In the afternoon we went out fourteen miles to Smith River Valley to see some more redwoods and the Smith River. The trees are always there, but the water in the river is affected by seasons, and at this time of the year there is little water to be seen. The day was clear and beautiful, but the wind was beyond measure.

We saw today some more curious mail boxes. There are in use for these boxes tin cans, half-gallon measures,

wooden boxes, and today we saw a very ingenious one: it is an exact model of the owner's bungalow, and looks like a bird house. As the stages carrying the mails are high, and the driver expected not to leave his seat, the boxes must be placed high—sometimes they are hung from a tree.

We left Crescent City at half-past eight in the morning for a ninety-six mile drive to Grant's Pass, Oregon. Our way lay along the usual narrow mountain roads until we passed the state line, when we soon found that Oregon has wider but more dusty roads.

We crossed the line two miles north of Monumental (one house). It seems so strange to me to see so many "towns" on the map in large print, and when we look for the town we find it has only *one house*, and sometimes even that should hardly be designated by the name of "house."

There was more low brush than timber along this part of the way, but there is always something to attract—this time it was the rivers we saw: South River, Rock Creek, Applegate River, and the well-known and always beautiful Rogue River. There was nothing else of special note except the awful heat on our arrival at Grant's Pass at six thirty in the evening.

Josephine Hotel here was clean and quite good, and on the European plan—pay for only what we eat and get better food!

But if the heat on arrival was great, what shall I say of the next day, when the mercury stood at 110° in the shade! And we were taken so by surprise, for we had thought of *Oregon* as cool, when not cold, but, alas! not so today. It was the hottest the residents ever remember, and surely they will never forget it.

We had some callers and then drove out to Tokay Heights to see Mr. and Mrs. McKibbon, friends of Olga's whom I have known for nine years through cor-

respondence about them and their travels, and they had heard as much about us. We were all very glad to meet face to face. They have just built a new home, and have twenty-eight acres in orchard and almonds. We spent a very pleasant afternoon, and before we left they decided to take their car and two guests and go with us the next morning, which was very, very pleasant for us, for they knew the way and the points of interest.

So we left Grant's Pass at eight forty-five the next morning, the McKibbon car in the lead. One of their guests was Professor Hull, originally of Kansas City, and now supervisor of public schools in the West. He is a charming man and a very jolly companion.

Savage Rapids in the everywhere beautiful Rogue River were very attractive. We rode through Sams Valley in awful heat, and after a sixty-seven mile run reached Prospect Park, where it is "*always* cool." Alas! today was a shining exception. It did cool off for the evening, however. From here we walked quite a mile—we all agreed, though the sign-board said ¼ mile—down and up grade to see Mill Creek Falls. It was well worth the trip, for they are truly beautiful. The fall is 240 feet. One of the sugar pines along this walk measures thirty-one feet in circumference. We killed a real rattle-snake having seven rattles. The hotel here was small but unusually clean, and served good food well cooked, and all of that cannot be said of most of the hotels encountered on this trip. The bedrooms were amusingly plain: the wash-stand was a bench, the pitcher and basin were of enamel-ware, the bureau was a little table with a glass 6 x 8 inches hung above it. But everything was very clean and we rested nicely.

In the morning, July 18, we left Prospect at seven forty-five, with a long hard pull of ninety-eight miles ahead of

us. The first thirty-five miles took us to an elevation of 7200 feet, through beautiful forests, to Crater Lake, one of the greatest wonders of the world. The water in this crater has been sounded to a depth of 1996 feet, but the actual depth is not known, so far as I could learn. The water is so blue that the beautiful blue sky above seems all faded out. It is 1000 feet from the rim down to the water. Had there been anywhere to sleep but in tents, we would have stayed overnight here, for I was very anxious to get out on that water in a boat. There are two little islands in the lake: one with its rugged point is called Phantom Ship—this scene is far beyond my powers of description, you *must* see it! If you can't see the original, do slip down to Honolulu and see the oil painting of it that we purchased. We had an excellent trout lunch up here. The lake is in a National Forest, so it will always be protected, and a fine hotel is being built. They are constructing a fine state highway through here, and it is very sad to see the noble old trees being felled to make way for it.

On going out of the Park we had to pass an enormous steam shovel, and had it not been situated just as it was, where there was an opportunity for us to climb around it in the woods, we would have lost several hours waiting for it.

The dust is so thick on the Oregon roads that we need use no horn—the dust accompanying us is a signal that can be seen for a mile. We can hardly see each other in the car at times—and how we dread to pass a team, or another car, for we never think of the dust we are giving them, but only of what we are taking from them!

Finally we passed the crest and began coming down, so that at Fort Klamath we were only 4172 feet up. The way lay through Wood River Valley, and we saw much

snow on the distant mountains, but it didn't cool us off any.

We drove for miles on the road above Klamath Lake, and pulled into Klamath Falls, at the White Pelican Hotel, at five thirty, nearly roasted, and covered with dust almost beyond recognition, but quite happy to have seen what we had this day of nature's beauties.

The hotel here is all that could be asked, and as it was too hot on Sunday to wear any unnecessary clothing, we had meals served in our rooms and slept and wrote until, fortunately, by evening it cooled off.

We leave here for Shasta Springs, Redbluff, Lake Tahoe, and Sacramento, and expect to get into San Francisco about the thirtieth.

Good-night to you all. Mizpah!

NORTHERN PART OF THE STATE

According to the records, I have not written you since July 20th, at which time I left you at Klamath Falls, where there are no "falls"; where the beautiful Klamath Lake is miles away, and where the river of that name is also far distant. We went there for fishing, but as we did not care to drive thirty miles each day to reach water, we had no fishing. Now, on July 21, I take you with us for a 112-mile run to Shasta Springs, a resort well known throughout the state.

When we left the White Pelican Hotel we saw Mt. Shasta 75 miles away, and we seldom lost sight of it for a whole day at any time. It is beautiful to watch, noticing how different those huge masses of rock look from different angles, and how different the snow looks at different times as it lies cuddled in all the crevices and covering the actual top of the mountain.

We had the pleasure of again riding through a sugar-pine forest. The trees are beautiful, though none so large as the redwoods.

Again I must speak of the contrast between nature as it is seen in its age and beauty in the north of this state, and the likewise beautiful, but altogether cultivated, conditions in the south—of course, you recall that we are again back in California.

The range of Siskiyou Mountains is very attractive to look upon; several peaks are snow-covered. We rode through plenty of grasshoppers all day. They even flew into the car, kissing and caressing us in a quite too friendly way.

The hotel at Shasta Springs is run on the cottage system, with one main dining-room; it is a very popular house as a resort.

We left at nine fifteen the next morning, thinking that our short run for the day (seventy-one miles) could easily be accomplished, but we foolishly clung to a very fine piece of road, even paying five dollars toll to drive over it, only to come, after sixteen miles of it, to a locked gate to find that we were riding on private property leading to summer residences on the river front. So back we had to go, charging up to "P. L." thirty-two miles. By this time we were growing excited, for we had learned that the road we must travel was the worst in the state, and that meant to us something more than the annoyance of the bad road, as we had found that in such conditions we could make at the best only eight or nine miles an hour. But on we went, and we made our 108 miles by seven thirty.

We tried to come by way of the town of "Baird," but the road was closed. We were going to claim the ownership of all we saw, though that would not have been much besides the State fish hatchery.

We followed the Sacramento River all day, and found it of real beauty in many places. Castlecrag Mountain is well named, and makes a picture in the landscape that can be seen for miles around. At La Moine there is a very large timber mill, but we did not stop. At Kennett we had to cross the river on one of those toy ferries and made a poor landing in sand. While the others worked with the car and the sand "the photographer" took what proved to be a beautiful picture—she took it under difficulties, too!

Our roads this day were very rocky, dusty, and narrow —so narrow that they looked like scratches on the sides of the mountains as we rode over and around them all the way. The road was *the worst*, truly—so bad that we decided to continue our way to Lake Tahoe by train.

We saw Mt. Shasta in the distance several times during the day. We reached Redding at seven thirty, and found there a fairly good hotel—and we surely were ready for food and bed, though we always have food with us in the lunch kit, so never *suffer* for that. Don't infer from this that we do not enjoy motoring and seeing the scenery we could not see from a train: we do, *but* we like fairly good roads.

We left Redding in the morning (July 23) on the eight thirty-five train: having sent the car on to meet us at Lake Tahoe.

Though we came through a very hot valley on a hot day, we were entirely comfortable. Instead of having to go into Sacramento, as we had anticipated, our genial conductor so arranged tickets and baggage that we changed trains at Roseville and thus arrived at the Tavern at Lake Tahoe at nine that evening instead of eight next morning, as planned out by the hotel clerk—a not always efficient bureau of information.

Our day's ride was through rich and interesting ranch (farm) lands—one ranch has 59,000 acres. It was given by Governor Stanford to Stanford University. They grow nearly everything, and it is quite an asset to the University.

A great many hops are grown in this district—one ranch has 614 acres in hops.

We did not ride through the town of Oroville, but were much interested in the accounts of the unusual combinations of soil there: it is not only very rich in gold, having large mines, but very rich also in olives and oranges.

Our train crossed the Yuba, Bear, and Feather Rivers, but the water is always very low in summer. Three miles from Truckee (which is the station where the change is made from the main line to the small train for Tahoe) is Donner Lake, three miles long and one wide. It has historical interest as well as beauty.

Though we were hours on the way, we enjoyed the trip and found the change of riding on tracks instead of rocks very pleasant.

LAKE TAHOE AND SACRAMENTO

A daily account of this part of the trip might be tiresome reading, for in resorts one is apt to walk, talk, eat, sleep, and be merry, each day being about the same as every other, so I will bulk our days spent here—and I might write all day and not then be able to express to you my fascination for all of the real beauty which everywhere surrounds this lake district.

After spending the first night at the Tavern, which, by the way, is a very fine house, we took a trip the next morning nearly around the Lake, stopping at all the resorts to take on or leave passengers. Except Tallac and Glenbrook, these resorts are all built principally of tents with

a tiny hotel, but there are so many who prefer an out-of-door life that these places are quite as popular as the larger ones. There are plenty of fishing, boating, swimming, mountain climbing, and trail riding, and everybody seems to forget care and enjoy everything that comes. Trout fishing is a great attraction, and the fish is at such a premium that a good catch means dollars and cents as well as sport, for they can be sold for from thirty to sixty cents a pound, and in San Francisco at any price the dealer asks. I should say that in two or three hours we only caught two, but we were quite proud of even that when we found a professional fisherman who only had four in two hours' more time—the fish were either scarce or are getting too wise. As we were eating trout at the hotel we shipped ours to Dr. Spencer in San Francisco, and she can't say enough in praise of the fishermen who caught such delicious fish. I should judge they weighed five or seven pounds, and the use of the boat and man to manage it only cost us three dollars, so that is cheap sport, isn't it? Later on I have another fish story to tell you.

We stayed at Glenbrook until our car reached us, and then went back over the mountains to the Tavern.

Lake Tahoe is well known throughout the country. It is a mountain lake twenty-four miles long and thirteen across. It has been sounded to a depth of 2000 feet. At Rubicon Point the elevation above the sea is 6240 feet, and the mountains rise up above and around the water for thousands of feet. The lake lies in a depression of the Sierras, and the state line runs nearly through the middle, so while we were at Glenbrook we were in Nevada, while at the Tavern we were in California. Carson City is only fifteen miles from the lake, and Reno about thirty-five. In the region of Tahoe are more than 100 streams that feed this lake; the rivers are Truckee, Upper Truckee,

American, and Yuba. They are all famous for their beauty and for the trout fishing.

Tahoe was first seen by a white man, J. C. Fremont, in February, 1844. The name Tahoe is Indian, and means Big, or High, Water. On its surface are sharply contrasted colors. The best description of it would be a ring of emerald with a heart of blue, for that is just what one sees as he looks upon it—and then such wonderful shades and variations at sunset and sunrise! To my mind the white snow on the surrounding mountain-tops helps very much to make the striking contrasts. The mountain sides are green, and surely beautiful in their irregularity of height and form.

Truckee is fifteen miles from the lake, and the Tahoe transportation train runs along by the side of the Truckee River for most of the way. The varieties of trout to be found in these streams are the Rainbow, Eastern brook, Loch Leven, and Mackinaw. We used copper lines trolling for them; I saw no fly fishing at all. There are many residences around the lake, and it is a very popular California resort in summer, but in winter it is quite a different place. Then the snow falls as high as fourteen feet; caretakers have to be left there to shovel the snow off the roofs (and they are quite welcome to the job!), or the frame structures could not stand the weight.

The grounds at Glenbrook and the Tavern are veritable gardens and exceedingly attractive. "Shakespeare Rock" is just another of those freaks of rock formation, but this likeness is certainly very striking and impressed me as being at least as good as any we saw at Stratford, England. Emerald Bay is truly well named, and the little island of rock in it adds not a little to its beauty.

We did not see our car again until the fourth day after we had left it. He claimed he had bad luck as soon as the

"Baird luck" left him. He weighs seven pounds less than when he left home. He is welcome to his work. While driving is hard, to me it would be just as hard sitting around waiting for orders to move on.

We saw a few Indians, but they are very scarce there now—where the white man enters the red man seems to leave. There is an unusual number of beautiful gulls this year, and I admire them very much.

One evening we heard a lecture on Egypt by a clergyman who doesn't happen to know more about his subject than we do—and that isn't giving him much credit.

We visited an exhibit of Indian basket-work, and found an interesting collection. Can you imagine a single basket selling for $1500 or $3000? Yes, they do, and people buy them, too—but not *these* people! We saw a seventy-nine-year-old squaw working, and she does the finest kind of work. I couldn't even make a good guess what she weighs, but surely not under 400. She has wonderful black hair and looks only about fifty years old, but her history is well known, and seventy-nine for her age is authentic. I can't show her to you, as she doesn't stand for kodaks. She earns good money and has too much pride.

And now we are leaving the lake in our car, and I wish I might actually take you over that road to get the views. While surrounded by lovely pine and fir trees, as you rode you would look out upon that sheet of green and blue, with the mountains seeming to burst out of its midst. And while riding over the summits and seeing beyond for miles, and below for thousands of feet, you will be awed not only by the marvelous beauty, but also by the knowledge that there is not room for another car to pass, and yet there may be one any minute around one of the many curves. I took this ride twice and enjoyed it; would you be willing to take it once after reading this attempt at a

thrilling story? You would if I were along. I would see to it that you never let fear spoil your pleasure in seeing nature in all its beauty.

Now (July 29th) we are in Sacramento, the capital of this beautiful state. You may be interested to know that its streets and frame residences, with their lawns and gardens around them, made me think of Cleveland. It is a much prettier city than I had expected to see. The Capitol building and grounds cover ten squares. The building itself is old, having been erected in 1860–70, at a cost of three million. It is, however, in good condition. The two "houses" are quite pretty. Over the desk in one hangs a full-sized picture of Lincoln, in the other, one of Washington. There are other paintings and portraits. On entering one sees the famous statue of Queen Isabella of Spain which has some interesting incidents connected with it: it was carved by an American in Florence, Italy (the home of much beautiful art), and shipped to New York. When it was being unloaded from the ship the pulley broke and it landed in New York Bay, and remained there for three months—it weighs five tons. It was finally raised and brought here, and, so far as I know, only one finger was broken by its accident. It is cut from a single piece of marble, and is really very artistic. There are many relics of flags in cases—some from the Spanish-American war, and some from the Civil war—only one that actually got to the front because of the distance and lack of means of transportation for the army. The view of the gardens and city from the tower is very attractive. The capitol grounds are lovely; they have orange, lemon, grape-fruit, and hundreds of other trees; beautiful oleanders, flowering bushes and flowers, and all in fine condition. The population of the city was given me as 75,000. We enjoyed a visit to the Crocker Art Gallery.

This is a private collection of foreign and ancient artists, and one feels quite out of this country at seeing some of the works of Murillo, Raphael, Leonardo, and others. Also while in the city we called on Bishop Moreland, but found they were all away. One day we went out to old Fort Sutter, which is now only a relic of times gone by. Here are preserved some of the things that were sent around the Horn and were the first of their kind to reach this state. Among them are a printing press and a fire engine. There is an ox cart two hundred years old. General Sutter was Spanish. The first gold found in the state was found on his ranch at Coloma in 1848.

And now we leave this city, having seen what we did in a very limited time on a very hot day.

We went by electric train to San Francisco. The train crosses the Sacramento River on a ferry. The ride is a pretty one, but too hot through Sacramento Valley to make it by motor, so again we sent the car on ahead.

En route I inquired what the tanks in the distance were, and learned that they are Standard Oil tanks in a small town called Pittsburg, so you see we seemed quite near home for a little while.

Once more we are in San Francisco, and here I had a busy time from Friday until Tuesday morning, when we left for the south. Each trip required different packing and a general fixing up, etc., and we had to decline invitations and devote ourselves to it. However, we did call on Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, returning a call made on us in June.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 4

On our way south, and there is little so far worth noting. We made 115 miles the first day, and spent the night

at Del Monte, that beautiful hotel that is a small world of comfort and beauty, surrounded by 125 acres of trees, lawns, and flowers. There are here 1366 varieties of plant life; ninety varieties of roses—it is all too lovely to describe. You must see it for yourself. Monte is Spanish for forest, and if you can picture to yourself a forest with the ground covered with grass and flowers, then this is well named.

The next day, before continuing out way south, we took the famous seventeen-mile drive along the coast, and a beautiful rocky coast it is, while the shore line is rather thickly wooded with cypress trees, some of them quite freaks of nature, such as the Ostrich, the Ghost tree, and others. This Monterey Bay is noted for its natural beauty.

We covered 149 miles the second day, and reached Paso Robles at seven forty-five, glad to eat and sleep. The hotel here is a "has-been," but still people come here for medicinal baths and treatment.

We left early next morning for Santa Barbara, over 161 miles of mountains, rough roads, pitches, and grades, but we were for hours along the Santa Barbara Bay.

What would you think of two men who see what they think looks like a sugar beet factory, and then insist that the string and lima beans that are growing in great abundance for miles are beets? But this non-farmer was not convinced, and had the laugh on her husband and the smart chauffeur who claims to have done gardening. And what would *you* think? wel , not having seen the beets or beans, you can't think intelligently at all, can you?

We came through Gaviota Pass, a hard trip, but the beauty of the way, and later of the Bay, well paid for its hardship—and then there was a fine hotel waiting to receive us at the end, and in it a clerk who had been six years in the Bellevue in Philadelphia—and that reminds

me I didn't tell you that at Redding the room clerk is a Mr. Baird from Pennsylvania, and at Del Monte the clerk is pleased to be able to claim Philadelphia as his home. But I am not saying how many times we find those who have been in Honolulu and congratulate us upon being able to make our home there. Yes, I love Philadelphia, but not enough to be willing to exclude Honolulu from my heart, and I think you will soon find out that the other member of this family has the fever also, for in one instance I went to a chiropodist whom we each patronize and he remarked: "Your husband is crazy about Honolulu, isn't he?" At another time a manicure said to me: "Your husband enjoys talking about Honolulu, doesn't he?" When I say innocently, "Does he?" they reply: "Oh my, yes!" Now tell me, how *did* I get from Santa Barbara to Honolulu so quickly and suddenly? Well, now I'll quit my wandering and get back to August 7th, en route to Los Angeles—another hard drive. It seems very difficult to overcome disappointment over the roads of southern California, for out of and into each city, for twenty-five or fifty miles, one rides over such beautiful boulevards that when he strikes a road that could really be thought of as a fairly good one, it *seems* very bad. The wonder to me is that one does not jolt surplus flesh off in such driving—but I suppose one ought to be thankful not to jolt it on, and be quiet.

Have I told you that in this state there are 330,000 acres of land planted in grapes—70,000 acres in wine grapes; 110,000 acres in raisins; and 50,000 acres in table grapes? How little we think of the land required and of the labor it takes when we eat the product of the farmers' toils!

If disappointments make a crown for us, I expect a jeweled crown as the result of having suffered this sum-

mer's keen disappointment over six different people who were to have shared our pleasures with us, but at the last had circumstances arise that made it impossible. Had we been able to foresee all this, we might have summered in Honolulu, but who could tell? and we have had each other, but have felt so selfish in a big empty car, and we might have made many vacations brighter in Honolulu by sharing our beautiful home. But I believe all is as it should have been, and we have thoroughly enjoyed the short summer that has rushed away from us so rapidly.

I think I will "bulk" the record of our stay in Los Angeles, and so not weary you with excess of detail. Our first day we spent in again enjoying Pasadena and the lovely Busch Gardens, riding through "Bairdstown" and Park, and a drive to the Beaches, where they have a "Venice" as one of their attractions, and to make the name significant, they have a canal with gondolas on it carrying passengers between resorts.

It is very cool down here—which reminds me, please don't be influenced by any one to avoid southern California in the summer on account of supposed heat and dust; this is our second summer here, and we have not been troubled with either in the *south;* plenty of both in the north—here we have been glad to wear top-coats and use a lap-robe in the car. While in the north, with all its richness of natural beauty, one is apt to think of the south as only artificial, but once here in the south, it is impossible not to think it very attractive and really beautiful—it rather fascinates one.

On Sunday we went to the Protestant Cathedral, but were not much impressed with Dean McCormick's sermon on "Washing the Hands to the Elbows." Perhaps you will think that some of the "jewels" in that "crown" will

be missing when I tell you that I sent off thirty pieces of mail on this Sunday. Sunday seems the one day when nothing calls me hither and thither, and I can always accomplish a great deal more—and anyway, I clear my *conscience* of holding unanswered letters.

Today we left at eight thirty for a trip to Riverside, sixty-five miles from here, reaching there at eleven forty-five. We were entertained at luncheon (I suppose you know the difference between "lunch" and "luncheon" —the one is 50 cents, the other $1.50; difference, $1.00) by my newly found and charming friend, Mrs. Shearman, whom I met in Honolulu (there it goes again, but I can't talk or think without it!). She had invited Canon Potwine and his wife (of Honolulu!) to meet us, so we had a jolly time talking of "Home Sweet Home" and our interests there. From there we drove to Redlands and up on Smiley Heights, returning to Los Angeles at seven forty-five, having enjoyed a beautiful and happy day.

Now I must tell of our trip to Mt. Lowe: We went first in Pacific Electric cars to the foot of Echo Mountain in Rubio Canyon, then up in a cable train (length of track, 300 feet; direct ascent, 1325 feet; steepest grade, 62 per cent.) to the summit of Echo Mountain; from here we had another electric train to the summit (no, not so, but to 5000 elevation; "summit" is 6000 feet, the last 1000 done on donkeys, and we did not do it!) of Mt. Lowe. This trip is quite worth while if it were only to see the engineering that was done to build the road. It crosses eighteen bridges, has 125 curves in its twenty-five miles of length; the longest piece of straight track between curves is 225 feet. But the "engineering" is not the whole reward for the trip: the scenery is beautiful, and the outlook inspiring, extending for miles in all directions on a clear day. We were unfortunate enough to have some

fog, but we could, nevertheless, see and enjoy much. The canyons are quite varied in both colors and formation; spruce and live oaks are in abundance. The trip is an all-day one, but there is a "tavern" (hotel) where one may break the day by lunch and rest.

Now to San Diego by train, for we have decided not to motor down! This way, leaving Los Angeles at three o'clock, we are in San Diego at six thirty P. M. The ride is not especially attractive, except in those parts of it where the track follows along by the sea. The population of San Diego is estimated at 90,000—it has doubled one and a half times in the last four years. There are 128 miles of graded streets; 149 miles of cement sidewalks. It has one 1400-acre park and numerous smaller ones. It has a natural harbor of twenty-two square miles, and expects to become a great center since the opening of the canal. It contains forty-eight churches and fifty-five saloons—the saloons are closed every Sunday, and from midnight until six o'clock in the morning every other day in the week. The city was founded in 1867, so is still in its youth, but is more progressive than almost any other city in the country. This is largely due to the interest taken in it by John D. Spreckles. His holdings are so large here as to give currency to the story that a tourist once asked a citizen: "Who owns that electric line?" The reply was, "John D. Spreckles." Walking a little further he asked, "Who owns that hotel over there?" "John D. Spreckles." Passing a striking looking block the question was again asked, "Who owns this block of buildings?" Upon receiving again the reply, "John D. Spreckles," he fell silent, until looking out upon the sea he asked, "Who owns that ocean?" The one questioned smilingly admitted, "God owns that!" "Well," was the rejoinder, "why doesn't John D. Spreckles get it away

from Him?" But this implication does not represent the feeling of the people who live there: they respect him and thank him for "boosting" the city. His father left him five millions, so he had a good start, and he has added greatly to it. His yacht is in the Bay here now, and it is a "dream!" It is said to have cost $300,000, and it has a crew of thirty all the time, so you can imagine the cost of its upkeep—and most of this fortune was made in sugar.

And now let me take you for a rest (before starting with you sight-seeing) over to Coronado, where we are staying. It is the finest suburb of San Diego. It is just across the Bay, and though situated on a peninsula, is readily accessible by ferry. Because of the early establishment of this charmingly beautiful hotel, Del Coronado, the town has grown wonderfully since it was started in 1887; it now has a population of 3500. The principal attractions are: The sight of the sea and the bay at the same time, with a sandy stretch between, known as "Silver Strand"—This is a very fine hotel (Spreckles owns it!); and the famous tent city along the beach, which has between 3000 and 4000 tenants. These tents are more popular than houses, and are nicely equipped for housekeeping. They rent by the week, the month, or the season. Tent city has its own attractions: a dancing pavilion, a swimming pool, and the usual resort sports. It is a great sight on Sunday when, in addition to its own residents, are gathered there thousands of San Diego people out for the day.

The climate here is *not* like that of Honolulu, but is the closest second we have seen, the difference being largely due to fogs and heavy air night and morning, and if we had not seen our beautiful home first, we would very likely have become future residents of San Diego, or of

Coronado—the latter, I think. This hotel employs a man whose business it is to arrange comforts and pleasures for the guests. They try to have some special event each day or evening. There is polo twice a week. There are golf links, but they have no turf, because of the dry climate here—we do not care to play from a cement tee to a mud green, and walk after our balls through mud and stickers after having played on the *perfect* links of Honolulu, so our dream of playing golf here proved to be a "dream" only and we have wakened!

The palm court around which this house is built forms a picture never to be forgotten. There is a bird cage, about four by ten feet and ten feet high, in which there are thirty or more canaries, and this proves a great attraction for the children and for grown-ups as well. In the garden are several kinds of palms, hibiscus, vines, flowers, shrubbery, and beautiful flower-beds, while all around the house, in every direction, are gardens of artistically arranged flowers and plants. It is the only place that could ever be compared with Del Monte, except that it has not the old trees nor the acreage. I love it here more each day, and rather dread the thought of soon going away from it to live between brick and stone walls, to walk on dirty city streets, and, above all, horrors! to wear dark clothes and black shoes. I often think that if only large cities could have every one dressed in white life would be more cheerful and bright for those who are unfortunate, are in sorrow, or in ill health. It certainly clears one's mental atmosphere and brightens his environment to see white and bright colors about him, and I have noticed that where it is worn the working-people seem brighter and more cheerful.

How I rattle on, giving my impressions and thoughts, seemingly forgetting that you have other things to do and

to think about. But my readers know the one back of the pencil, and I fancy I can hear them say: "Poor dear, she can't help it; she was always a talker, and when she can't do it verbally, down it goes on paper!" so you see you can't have a rest from me, even when I am thousands of miles away.

On the ocean side of the house here, known as Ocean Terrace, there is a dancing floor built over the sand, and it is a pretty sight to watch the gay colors displayed there in the afternoon, while some dance and others are seated at tables for tea, and, in addition to this gay display, there are the beautiful colors of the sea right in front.

At last we have visited an olive-oil factory and olive cannery. Though it is not in operation at this season of the year, we were, nevertheless, shown the process in detail, and I have decided against olives in my poor stomach since I know that it is true that they go through a lye solution. And should you think for a moment that olives are naturally salty, let me tell you that it is because they are naturally so flat in taste after this lye solution has removed the excess bitter that they are put into brine to make them palatable, and yet so many who cannot learn to eat them say, if only they were not salty they would be fine. One ton of olives makes thirty-five gallons of oil, and the pulp is used for fuel. When you see the "Old Mission" brand, just remember that we have seen the factory and know the proprietors, who are very dear friends of the Bishop's secretary, Miss Davis, whom you will remember that we had at our home after her operation in Honolulu. You will be interested to know that she says that in her weak condition she felt "abused" in the other two homes where she was entertained after we left, because they did not know how to take the care of

her that she had received while with us—this was due, in one case, to not enough quiet, and in the other to a feeling on her part that she must not appear stupid, but brace up, and *I* know you can't do that all the time when so weak. Then, too, the other homes were miles from the beach, and she loved that, and the quiet of our home. When the Bishop found that she was not in condition to return to her desk, he insisted that she come home for the summer, and she came, and now looks like another person. She is to be with us at The Stewart in San Francisco next Tuesday, and we are to see her off on the ship next Wednesday. When we called on her here,—and she didn't even know where we were,—you should have heard her shout of joy: "Oh! it is Mr. and Mrs. Baird, how *happy* I am to see you!" You might have supposed we had known her all her life. She is a charming girl, and much beloved here as well as in Honolulu.

We have very much enjoyed seeing the old Spanish residence now known as "The Marriage Place of Ramona," because of the reference made to it in Helen Hunt Jackson's story, "Ramona." The exterior of the house is most unattractive, and it is a great surprise, upon entering, to see before you a court garden, such as the old Spanish and other ancient European houses had. The house is in cloister style, the rooms being built around the court. There are collected here many curios and relics, and, of course, things for sale. There is a family in charge, and the grounds are in beautiful condition.

Our ride out on Point Loma was quite a revelation of the beautiful setting of San Diego and Coronado. The view from up there is almost unlimited, and one can appreciate the real beauty of the harbor, with its Fort Rosecrans, its coaling station, Ballast Point, Quarantine Station, the sea, and, beyond, the silver strand, which is the

stretch of sand having the $14,000 boulevard across it, so that the trip to Mexico can be made that way.

On Point Loma there is a very extensive Theosophical Society settlement, with five college buildings, homes, library, and large ranch lands.

The wireless station on the Point is said to have the record for the longest distance message, the distance being 7000 miles.

On our first Sunday here we went over to San Diego to St. Paul's Church, which was built by Bishop Restarick in the beginning of his first work here, thirty-one years ago. You may not know that he started the church here and had been with it twenty years when called to the Bishopric of Honolulu, or really of the Hawaiian Islands. We enjoyed the service, and met the rector, Mr. Barnes, who is the Bishop's successor.

We thoroughly enjoyed a lecture given one evening by a representative of the Santa Fé railroad, on the Yosemite and the Grand Canyon. I was very glad to learn that these lectures are to be given also in the East; perhaps they will help to lead people not to go to Europe sight-seeing all their lives and fail to see marvels in their own country, such as cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world. The more I see of the ignorance of our American people about their own country, and hear them boast of the number of times they have crossed the Atlantic, the more I feel the need of advertising or of some effort being made to induce eastern people to cross the continent, instead of the ocean. The same thing applies to our knowledge of Honolulu; as, for instance, we ourselves, who were ignorant enough of real conditions there, to go expecting to see merely some black people and some scenery! Since becoming enlightened ourselves, we have been amused at the remarks in many of the letters from our

home city; for instance this: "Surprised, John, to hear that you are going to live among the *Hottentots*, but there is no accounting for tastes!" Though that is the most ridiculous speech of all, there are many other comments that are very amusing to those who have come to know this *heavenly* country. The people out here all do know something of it, and most of them deplore the fact that they can't live there. Only this morning we heard that when Mr. Van Rensaleer, of Philadelphia, was asked where he thought was the best place in the world to live, he replied, "Honolulu"—and you all know how he has traveled, having opportunity to see the whole world, practically. Here I am off "boosting" again! but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh!"

We had a nice auto trip out to one of the many seashore resorts, called La Jolla (Hoya), where there are some natural caves washed out by the sea. An old German decided to make an entrance to them from the land, so seven men spent seven months making stairs through limestone to accomplish this result. The depth of the stairway is 80 feet, and there are 136 steps. This cave is seventy-nine feet long. The other caves have to be entered by boat, or else only at very low tide.

The natural markings in the rocks here are very interesting: the shape of a fish can be plainly traced, also a sheep, an alligator, an oyster, a face and head, and other things not so distinctly outlined. Besides this, the rock shows beautiful shadings of color, a result of the vegetable and mineral strata, which, I believe, it is considered quite phenomenal to find lying so close to each other.

And now for a real fish story—they were not caught with a *silver* hook either! We went out (just we two and no more, except the captain) eighteen miles south of here. We were then out to the Coronado Islands, which lie

in Mexican waters. Our boat was a gasoline launch, twenty-nine feet long, which at her best made only nine miles an hour. We used no bait except the silver-like pieces of metal used to attract; all the work was done by two rods and by trolling, and we landed nineteen fish, weighing 150 pounds, in about four hours. The largest single one weighed twenty pounds; the others weighed sixteen pounds, twelve, eight, and less. They were fighters, too, and it took some time to land them in the boat after we had a strike. The marvel is, first: how much weight and force can be borne by the frail-looking rods, and, second, why fishermen catching thirty-five and fifty pound tuna and other such fish are not pulled out of the boat by them, for if one is half a sport, he won't let go, no matter how hard they pull, and I know that several times I had to brace my feet, as heavy as I am—though I have long since found out that weight of body does not necessarily imply strength. Our catch included barracuda, yellow tail, two kinds of bass, and albacore—all strange to you, I think, except bass. We came home quite willing to be met at the wharf by inquiring strangers who came down to ask: "Did you have any luck?" "Yes, just a little, though none of the coveted tuna." When they were all hung up for view, as per the picture you have seen, we were the recipients of all kinds of congratulations, I assure you. If you have asked who is our friend in the picture shading her eyes, I will here inform you she is the dutiful helpmate of the captain, and you should see her beaming face on the dock as she calls out: "Can I help you, dearie?" and then see her as she catches the rope, loops and ties it, and starts in like a man to fix things up.

A boatman's life isn't all fun, and long hours fall to their lot. This one told me how he had been promised by a Jap fisherman that if he was around when he came

in he could buy some live sardines for Tuna bait; so the poor man, though he did not get through to go to bed until ten thirty, not sleeping until eleven, got up at 2 A. M. to be at the appointed place, and then, after waiting a long time, when the other boat came in he was informed that there were none for sale! When he could get back home it was time to fix up his boat ready for an early start, for some people go out before six in the morning.

These islands I have mentioned are only one and two miles long, and are uninhabited except by seals, pelicans, and gulls, but the unusual strata in their formation, the natural amber found there, and these live animals, make the islands places of great beauty.

We were very sorry not to know people here so as to share with them our spoils. We decided to ship them to San Francisco to two friends there, and to Riverside to another friend there, but we were dissuaded from doing so by the hotel men, who assured us that, because of poor packing facilities, they could not be put up so as to carry; hence they, and not our friends, reaped the benefit of our sport—except for the barracuda, which we ate broiled for dinner, and a bass for breakfast, and some we sent to an acquaintance in San Diego.

And now we are taking you to *Mexico*—yes, it is perfectly safe, and you will be glad you went, for it is a very pleasant ride by auto to the little town of Tia Juana, which is not much larger than the Custom House and Inspection Office that you must pass to get across the border. There they inspect for firearms by a Mexican, and for goods purchased by United States customs officers, who are rigid and strict in enforcing the rule that no one person shall carry out more than one dollar's worth free. When your purchase is more than the "dollar," you forfeit that and pay duty on the whole amount. But they were very

civil, and I had no possible trouble—though I did not buy a whole lot.

You are told by Americans that there are seventy-three inhabitants here, and by natives that there are 300. They boast four restaurants and thirteen saloons.

Now, in concluding this letter, I am concluding the series, and cannot say when, if ever, I shall be writing you another travel letter.

We plan to leave Coronado August 24th, to leave San Francisco August 31st. We stop on our way east in Boise, Idaho, to visit Bishop Funsten; in Cheyenne, Wyoming, to visit Bishop Thomas; in Chicago, to visit various friends and rest; in Cleveland, to visit; and to reach the Philadelphia home on September 15th—and so, at the close of our nearly eight months' trip together, I thank you for your interest. Mizpah!

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